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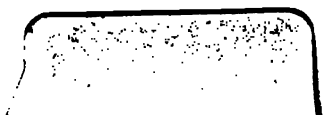

R

Eben Francis, Perry, Me.
January 1865

THE

CHRISTIAN HOUSEHOLD.

EMBRACING

THE CHRISTIAN HOME, HUSBAND, WIFE, FATHER, MOTHER, CHILD, BROTHER AND SISTER.

BY

REV. GEORGE S. WEAVER,

AUTHOR OF "LECTURES ON MENTAL SCIENCE," "HOPES AND HELPS FOR THE YOUNG," "MORAL ANTIPODES," ETC. ETC.

BOSTON:

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TO

MY MOTHER,

WHOSE CARE WAS THE SHIELD OF MY CHILDHOOD,

WHOSE FAITH WAS THE STRENGTH OF MY YOUTH,

WHOSE LOVE IS THE DELIGHT OF MY MANHOOD,

And whose Christian Teachings

PLANTED EARLY IN MY SOUL THE SEEDS OF WHICH

MY CHRISTIAN LIFE AND LABORS ARE THE FRUITS,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS MOST GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

THIS little volume is designed as a partial answer to one of the most solicitous wants of Christian families. I have for years seen and sorrowed over the absence of Christ in our households. Among the Christian people of every sect there is a sad deficiency of Christian principle and practice at home. The devotion and the love of the Gospel life are alarmingly absent from these sacred places. Thousands of professedly Christian families are unvisited by a song of praise or a voice of prayer, or anything in spirit or practice that distinguishes them from those who scoff at religion. Why is it so? Is it not because, in the Christian race set before us, our theology has outrun our religion? Have we not preached and practised more theology than Christian principle and life? Christendom has been, and is, a grand arena for theological conflict. What avails doctrine, if it do not produce life? But theology is good, necessary. It is the seed. The culture of that seed to its fruit-bearing is religion. It is as necessary to cultivate as to sow. Christians have not sown too much, but cultivated too little; they have not had too much theology, but too little religion. This little

book is sent out as a cultivator among the long rows of theological plants, so nicely sown and arranged by the Christian sects. The author is as sensible as any one can be of its defects. He timidly consecrates it to its work. In prayerful solicitude for its frailties, he asks the printer to put it into the hands of the world; the men and women of that world, into whose hands it may fall, he asks to read it as it has been written, in a deep and earnest desire for Christian improvement; and the critics who feel a desire to display their wisdom in an exhibition of its weaknesses, he asks to withhold that labor, and devote it to writing a better book for the same good mission. We want more home books, home culture, home religion. Home is the heart of the world, and that heart needs christianizing. If it were baptized in the fount of our holy religion, how pure and healthy would be the life-currents it would send out through the whole body! If one home shall be made more Christlike and happy, it will be well that I have given this labor to the public. G. S. W.

St. Louis, Feb. 27, 1854.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHRISTIAN HOME.

A gallery of art — Christian — Home — A Christian — A home — Home piety — The world without religion — Religion the guardian of home — The trials of home — Disease—Death — The balm of sorrow — Worldly trials — Sin — Home need not be wretched — Religion the heart of home — Piety defined — Love in action — Religion in practice — Respect for the name of God — Respect for God's word — Books — Conversation — Music — Devotional exercises — Prayer — Kindness — Christian homes the world's sources of good. 11

CHAPTER II.

THE CHRISTIAN HUSBAND.

Man alone — Woman — The two together — A companion — True companionship — Marriage a divine institution — The objects of marriage — Low views of marriage — Spiritual companionship — Unhappy unions — Earthly husbands — Half companioned wives — The husband's marriage promise — His duties — He should companion and cultivate his wife's spirit — What makes home valuable — He should seek the mental and religious improvement of his wife — He must lead the way — Religious reading — The intellectual nature of religious study — Public worship — Family devotions — Progress, the motto of married life. 31

CHAPTER III.

THE CHRISTIAN WIFE.

Woman the last work of creation — Woman fallen in sin — Christianity for woman — Man and woman — Woman the friend of Christ — Woman as a wife — Woman and home — The wife's influence — Little things — An influence — A Christian woman — Woman's relation to Christianity — Means of improvement — Sabbath duties — Religious reading — The wife's spiritual duties. . . . 49

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHRISTIAN FATHER.

The fatherhood — Hereditary gifts — The Christian father's gifts — Character is hereditary — Paternity is an assumed relation — The father's example — The child an imitator — The true father — The moral obligations of a father — A

Christian example — The father a ruler — The child must obey — The ruler must govern himself — The rod — Love the governing principle — The father is a teacher — If he does not teach his children, others will — The means of instruction — The father a protector — Guard against errors — Against vice — False teachers — The father a provider — Spiritual wants. 68

CHAPTER V.

THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

Richness of the subject — Childhood and its mother — Incident of Rev. Mr. Soule — Childhood knows not its mother — A mother's love sacred — Incidents — All mothers alike in love — The Christian mother — The natural, the type of the Christian mother — The offices of both considered — The Christian mother gives spiritual food — The mind craves aliment — The mother should know how to prepare mental aliment — The mother a teacher — Early impressions — An incident of the power of early impressions — An incident of Mr. Greene — The idea of God — An incident from J. Q. Adams — The Christian mother clothes her children's spirits — She guards their spirits against disease — Against wrong. 83

CHAPTER VI.

THE CHRISTIAN CHILD.

Children — A child's love — The universe — Human nature — The world without children — A Shaker village — Children in heaven — The mission of children — Culture the end of existence — The Christian child — Honor to parents — Love — Self-denial — Sympathy — Incident of a little girl — Honesty — Kund Iverson — Faith in God — Sabbath schools. 102

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHER.

The family — Brotherhood — The knowledge of physical and spiritual things compared — Brotherhood eternal — Originates in our families — The education of the fraternal relation — The elder brother — The Christian brother — Early Christian training — The brother a teacher — Example — Fraternal unselfishness — The Christian brother a peacemaker — Family peace — Religious teachings — Good associates — The brother a kind friend to a sister — Fraternity perpetual. 117

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHRISTIAN SISTER.

The sister — God in Christ — Christ in the sister — Woman the last of the creation — The first herald of the risen Lord — Woman's relation to Christianity — The face of love — An example of charity — Sectarianism — Slander — Fault-finding — Sympathy — Purity — Piety — The model woman. . . . 130

EMPLOYMENT. 145

CHAPTER I.

THE CHRISTIAN HOME.

THERE are things which, of themselves, are intrinsically lovely. There are objects, even in earth, which win upon our hearts, like a miracle upon our minds. Some of these objects are presented in this little volume. We have attempted a little gallery of art. If we have hung it with truthful pictures, those into whose hands it may fall may find pleasure and profit in it. The pictures we have hung here are designed as examples. They are sketched for an inspiration to all who may look upon them. They are from the Great Master, and are truthful so far as the copyist's hand has proved skilful. He has knelt at the shrine of his Master, and sought, by prayer and devotion, to baptize his soul into the spirit of his holy art. The themes on which he has risked his pencil are those in which he most delights. His heart has dictated his work, while his head has helped to steady his hand for its execution.

The theme for his first effort he has chosen out of his heart's fulness. He loves it. And, should his reader feel a similar interest in it, he will be paid

for his penciling. It is expressed in two words. Those two are the richest words in human language. The first is that word which expresses all of the divine relations, and the human duty and blessedness which grow out of them; that great word which is the synonyme of "the gospel of the blessed God;" which holds in its large embrace the full meaning of moral perfection, — the sublime fulness of virtue. Reader, know you the word, — the word which means more than any other, — the word which, while it is of earth, came from, and points to, heaven, and is full of that which goes to make heaven? That word is CHRISTIAN, — a common, but a glorious word.

Now, join with it the sweetest, tenderest word of earth, — the most affectionate word of human utterance, — the word which carries the heart around the whole circuit of love at one sweep, and you have the subject. Have you the word? Ask your heart. Is it husband, wife, father, mother, brother, sister, child, friend? These words are brimful of tenderness. But is there not one word that means as much as all of them; that mingles in its chalice of sweetness the richness of this whole family cluster? Yes, there is; and that word is HOME. Ask the lone traveller, when far away in foreign wilds, for the word, the very utterance of which unseals the fountains of his heart, and he will tell you it is *home*. Ask the brave mariner, tossed upon the deep amid a thousand perils, where storms, and billows, and thunders, move him not,

what word will all unman him, and make him a very child; and with quivering lip, and with loving forms floating before his teary vision, he will tell you it is *home*. Now, unite the two words, and you have the theme of our first picture, — the subject of our first chapter, CHRISTIAN HOME.

The latter expresses all of tenderness and love; the former, all of benevolence and duty, made radiant with wisdom from above. Two richer, sweeter words cannot be united in our language; and each is made more expressive by its union with the other.

Let us consider them a moment. To be a Christian, in the high moral sense of that term, is to possess and cherish the various graces of soul and adornments of character recommended by Christ. It is to have the heart all imbued with an active benevolence, swayed, enlarged, elevated with a pure, lofty, and universal love, — a love that reaches up to God in breathing devotions, and pours its soul in swelling gratitude at the fount of love omnipotent, at which the mortal flame is lighted, — a love that throws its embracing arms around all human creatures, not forgetting even its enemies; that is so inwrought with moral rectitude, and spiritual force, that it enforces a cheerful obedience to the golden rule, compels the submission of the passions, and thoroughly irradiates with its bright sunlight every nook and corner of the heart. The moral altitude of a soul thus imbued and swayed with Christian love

is vastly above the world. It lives in a region of pureness and brightness above the noxious vapors of earth, — the malaria of selfishness and moral pollution, — and grows every day more bright and strong by the workings of its own inherent forces. It resists passion and selfish desire as a duty. It seeks moral force to overcome evil, in solemn prayer at the throne of grace. It forms its resolutions for good on the knees in God's presence. The love that controls it is thoroughly and altogether a religious love. It is a love dictated by holy impulse, and sustained by enlightened duty. It is a love cherished by the will; resolutely cherished as the command of God, and the precept of Christ. In such a soul virtues grow as fruit upon a well-cultured tree. To be a Christian is to bear "the fruits of the spirit, love, joy, peace, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance;" to "add to faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity." Thus to be a Christian, is to cherish a sublime morality, pure as the driven snow, warm as the sunlight, and tender as a woman's love. This is the meaning of the word *Christian.*

HOME is scarcely less significant. To have a home is something more than to have a staying-place, — a place where one can eat and sleep, and say he has a right against all the world; where no invading foot may tread; where none may venture to dispute

authority with its lord. Though all these prerogatives and privileges belong to home, they do not constitute that place and condition of the heart which is meant by the word home in its high and proper sense. A poet has said, "'T is home where'er the heart is." And there is much significance in this beautiful expression. Where the heart's dear ones are, where it loves to linger and repose, where associations cluster, sweet with beautiful memories, where hopes in a bright train come tripping and singing of "a good time coming," of happy days and love-lit faces yet to be enjoyed, where sweetness breathes as naturally as fragrance from a wild flower, — there, there is home. "'T is where the heart is." It is true, home is a *place;* but every place is not home. And every place which is called home is not home. The world is full of staying-places, but not so full of homes. There is many a gilded palace and seat of wealth, many a house of luxury and place of worldly comfort, that is a world-wide distance from home. People live there, and shine, and smile, but are far away from home. Their hearts long and pine for their homes, even if they are but humble cottages. Where affection rears its cottage or palace, prepares the frugal meal, and smooths the pillow of rest, where kind words are always spoken, and good offices always performed, where forgiving love and weeping sympathy are the guardian household gods, there is home. It is a place which rudeness would be ashamed to

enter; where an unkind word would be like a clap of thunder in a clear sky; where the impulses of passion are unhallowed intruders; where impatience, petulance, coarseness, vulgarity, reproach, slander, and all kindred evils, are like hawks in a dove-cot, or wolves in a sheep-fold; for, where such dwell, they drive away home. They never dwell in home. When they are in our dwelling-places, they turn out home. When they come in at one door, home goes out at the other. Into the heart's home they cannot intrude.

Home, then, is affection's constant dwelling-place.

Now, make of every inmate of home a *Christian*, and you have the true idea of a *Christian home.* It is a place where love and duty are joined in matrimonial alliance; where affection is consecrated by the laying-on of the hands of religion; where tenderness kneels in prayer, joy melts in devotion; where natural love is subdued, chastened and elevated in Christian goodness.

The Christian apostle to the Gentiles, in his first epistle to his son Timothy, recommends that *piety be shown at home.* His recommendation he presents in nearly the strength of a command. What could be more reasonable than that piety should be shown at home, in the place where the heart lives; where young souls come into being; where the immortal parchment receives its first marks; where God's children are taught lessons which they can never forget;

and where men live and die? What more reasonable than that Christianity should be cultivated around the table and couch of home, where are entwined men's dearest interests; where the thousand fountains of the great stream of humanity are issuing forth to light? What more easily comprehended than the propriety of making religion the every-day guest of home? Is religion good? Then, where is it needed more than at home? The world will go on without religion; but can men's dwelling-places be real homes without religion? Agriculture will plough and sow, and reap, without religion; but will natural love be that subdued, chastened, constant flame of tenderness it should be to make blessed, without it? Mechanism will ply her busy tool, and create her perpetual wonders of art, though religion be banished from earth; but will goodness be the presiding genius of home, without it? Commerce will fill her busy marts, and whiten her seas with sails, though religion be forgotten; but will virtue keep her pure watch around the hearth-stone, and duty be the strength and the pillar of safety in the sacred retreat of home, without it? No home is safe without a guardian. The interests of that sacred spot are so tender, the flowers around its doors and casements are so delicate, that they are injured even by a breath that has no right there. The home loves, although powerful in their strength, are strong only in their delicacy. They cannot bear the blast of

rudeness, or the searing frost of neglect, without a wound which is slow to heal. They live only in the sunshine. A shadow that falls upon them chills them through.

> "A something light as air, — a look,
> A word unkind or wrongly taken,
> O, love that tempests never shook,
> A breath, a touch like this hath shaken!"

And what better guardian for these tender, delicate children of home, than the strong arm of religion, which fosters love as its own dear child, — that religion which arms the heart with every virtue, and tempers the soul with patience, and the crown of whose pyramid of virtue is forgiveness? What else but this can guard and make love secure? What else can strengthen it with duty, imbue it with moral force, and touch it with the inspiration of devotion?

Again; home has trials as severe as its joys are pleasant and tender. Where does disease place its plague-spot, and send its pain? Into the form with every lineament of which is linked an association of affection. What power can so well sustain the watcher through the long nights, and days, and weeks, of anxious solicitude, over the suffering form that enshrines its idol, as religion? Then come the symptoms of dissolution, the pallid cheek, the haggard face, the glassy eye, the icy hand, the cold sweat, the catching breath, the faltering tongue essaying to speak affection's last farewell; then a pressure of the hand, as

an assurance of dying love, the closing breath, a rattle in the convulsing throat, and all is over with the sufferer. But then comes desolation upon the living, a sense of utter loneliness, an awful agony of soul, as though the sun of being had gone out. Then bleeding hearts, bosoms convulsed with agony, tears, sighs and groans follow. The grave appears open and gaping. Its victim is let down to sleep on its cold bottom. Heavy and dismal fall the covering clods. O, saddest of all sounds! There is a vacant seat, garments left behind, keepsakes, relics, all to make the agony more severe, and keep alive the sufferings that broken hearts know not how to bear. O! is there no balm in this hour of trial, no panacea for these quivering hearts, no elixir of life to soften their pains? Yes, yes, if religion is there. She, like an angel, stands over the sufferers, and whispers words of melodious sweetness, of a spirit freed from pain, and sorrow, and sin, attended by angels to a brighter sphere, where, in joy and peace, it will await the coming of its kindred behind, to join it for an eternal union in heaven. Then she tells of a Father's goodness in releasing this suffering spirit, and bearing it to his own bright home. She speaks of the blessedness of sorrow, the discipline it yields, the submission it calls for, the resignation and trust it teaches, the faith it encourages, the hope it inspires, the tenderness it awakens, the sympathy it cultivates; how "these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for us a far more

exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Thus she talks of the goodness of the Father, "who doeth all things well," till these suffering hearts bow down in inward prayer, and hold a sweet communion with the Father of spirits, to rise up calm and strengthened, still mourning, but not as those without hope. They are happy while they suffer. They rejoice while they weep. Their tears are radiant with the rainbow of hope. Their trial has refined them as gold in the fire. They are armed with a new strength that is gentle, yet powerful to sustain them. They go through the world in a higher walk than they have ever trod before, conscious of the protection and blessing of God. It is true that religion can do all this for the mourner. No words can tell its sustaining and transforming power upon the mourner's heart.

What home can well afford to do without religion; for, what one is not exposed to the shafts of the destroyer? What father and mother can look upon their child, and not tremble, when their hearts are not already swayed and sustained by this divine comforter? What companion can fall asleep peacefully, or awake joyfully, who does not breathe, night and morning, the prayer of faithful piety in the Father's ear? What brother, sister, or child of mature years, can rest one moment in peace, who feels not the refreshing and cheerful influences of Christian faith and piety? Tell me not that homes are safe without religion. Death visits every home. It spares no one

long. Every idol must be shattered; every bowl of affection must be broken at the fountain. When, no man knoweth. Religion should have her policy of insurance upon every home and every heart. The wreck of hearts is awful. The home loves all plead for a home religion.

Then there are trials of a different nature in every home. There are perplexities in business, vexations and disappointments, misdemeanors, errors, differences of opinion and taste, seasons of despondency, hours of suspense, days of loneliness, anxiety and bitter reflection. If the soul has not something to sway it and hold it steadily against these thousand varying winds of trouble, how devious and uncertain will be its course! If home has not some great balance-wheel to control all these tendencies to irregularity and disturbance, how can it be that quiet, happy resting-place of the affections, that retreat of noble virtue, that garden of constancy and happiness, that it should be?

Then there is sin in all its forms planting its seeds, rearing its luxuriant stalks, and reaping its bitter thorn-fruit, right in the heart of home, to eat out its joys, corrode its peace, and poison its life. With all these evils and trials, home must be a wretched place without some great panacea for its ills. That panacea is found. From the dispensary of divine love it is revealed as a universal and all-sufficient balm. It is in vain for us, now, to say that home, at times,

must be wretched, — that there is no such thing as constant happiness, resignation and peace, in any home. This is not true. I know it is not. As well may the sick patient say he must suffer on, when medicine is by his side that will give him relief; or the hungry man despair of ever enjoying satiety, when food is within his reach. The remedy for any evil must be used. I know it is in vain to expect home to be home all the time, where there is not religion; where prayer is not wont to breathe its needs and aspirations; where devotion is not wont to bow; where praise is not accustomed to be heard, and faith to spread her pinions, and sing, as she soars, the songs of hope. A true home, like everything else, must be made. And it must be made as a religious duty, as well as privilege. It is the fruit of home piety. Religion should be the heart of home, sending out its life-diffusing currents among all its members, and flooding them with its holy spirit. They who will, may entertain angels in their homes. They will come at the bidding of religion, and tarry while she presides over all its hearts and destinies.

The apostle, in recommending piety at home, speaks particularly of children and youth, and especially of widows, children and nephews. He says, "Let them learn to show piety at home." As this is addressed to the young, we can learn the better what he meant by the instruction. The translators have placed in the margin the word *kindness*, instead of piety. If

we use that word, it would read, "Let them learn to show kindness at home." But this probably is not the full meaning of the original. Nor does the word piety, as generally understood, give the full meaning. Piety is usually regarded as the possession and manifestation of a devotional, submissive spirit towards God. But the word itself means more than this. It was formerly used as expressive of the fulfilment of the filial duties. It meant all that a child should feel and do towards its parents. It combined reverence, gratitude and love. And this, no doubt, is the apostle's meaning. He as much as said, "Let them learn to show respect, gratitude, and kindness at home;" for this is really the service due from the child to the parent. And as we all of us bear the same relation to God and the members of our household, as the child does to its parents, and brothers, and sisters, so we should all learn to show reverence and gratitude to God, and kindness to our families at home. And, as these feelings are all blended and expressed by the word piety, it shows that our feelings of kindness should be imbued with the feeling of devotion, or reverence to God. Thus our natural love, or disposition to kindness, should be consecrated by reverence and love to God. And as our natural love and goodness are to be shown in natural acts of tenderness and kindness, so our reverence and love for God are to be shown in proper outward acts. If we say we have love, and perform not the out-

ward acts of love, we deceive ourselves. Our love is not true, sincere and faithful. It is only a momentary passion, or sudden impulse. It is not love. For love makes good all its professions; it is more tender in acts than it can possibly be in words. So, if we say we have reverence and love for God, and do not perform the proper outward acts, in respect, praise and devotion, we deceive ourselves. Our reverence is not so deep, our love not so strong and faithful, as it should be.

But what are the outward acts in which we should show our piety at home? They are numerous, but we will mention only a few of them.

I. *Respect for the* NAME *of God.* It should not be spoken lightly; not in thoughtlessness; not in jest; not in passion; not in profanity; but in deep respect, as a name too sacred, too great, and too dear, to awaken other than holy, respectful, and grateful feelings. At home, in the home circle, this great name when spoken should stir a general feeling of thankfulness, gratitude and love, for the good Being that bears it; and should always remind us of "our Father in heaven," from whom we receive "every good and perfect gift."

II. *God's word should be so respected* as never to be spoken of irreverently or disparagingly; never used in jest, or for unhallowed purposes; never made the object of ridicule or disrespect, though some of it may not be understood, or may be deemed of no im-

portance to us, who live several thousand years from the time it was written. Some portions of it should be made a daily study, that its treasures of wisdom may be unlocked, its hymns of praise repeated, and its moral lessons inculcated. There is a divine power in many portions of the sacred word to elevate and transform the soul that reads them attentively and understandingly. The Psalms of David, the Proverbs, the prophecies, and some parts of Moses, are rich with inspiring influences to good. The instructions of Christ and his apostles are the highest and most perfect forms of moral teaching ever given to man. They are the very spring-sources of moral life to the world. There is a divinity in them. Strength is in their words, and salvation in their spirit. They are the only chart of life, the only guide to blessedness, the only sure light through the night of time. How important that they should be respected, read, studied and treasured, as sacred diamond-dust of wisdom, at home, that their lessons of practical wisdom, their inspiring influences to devotion, and their glorious encouragements to duty and love, may be felt and practised around the hearth-stone! Where the grand law of Christ is made the grand law of home, what a picture of heaven on earth is presented!

III. *Books* that are redolent of piety and practical goodness, — devotional works, — works designed to comfort, to strengthen and encourage in virtue, — works written to explain and illustrate divine truths,

to elucidate the doctrines of the Gospel, to strengthen faith, and brighten hopes; biographies of the lives of great and good men, eminent for piety and usefulness, should be read at home for mutual benefit and enjoyment. Great is the power of good books to mould a strong and noble character; and great the pleasure in reading and realizing their glorious lessons. Books on the centre-tables and shelves of home are good for nothing unless they are read. A strange error has crept into this age, that books are made to be looked at, and not to be read. O, how much may be gathered into the treasure-house of home by reading properly the writings of the pious benefactors of our race! They may become the guardians of our homes, may come and live, and commune with us, and breathe their great virtues into our souls.

IV. *Conversation* upon moral and religious subjects — upon duty, home and heaven — upon the teachings of the Bible — upon what is read in other works, should be carried on freely at home, and all should engage in it. It cultivates the powers of expression, gives freedom and fluency to speech, blandness and refinement to the manners, elevation to the mental powers, strengthens the memory, endears home and its inmates. I mean not that conversation which is a parley of words for victory, or the outburst of passion, or a glow of impulse; but that higher, nobler kind of conversation which expresses convictions in earnest affectionateness, which is, at all times, imbued

with moral vigor, and religious aspirations, which seeks for the good, the beautiful, and the true, to impart and receive generous and elevated influences. Such conversation is eminently useful. It always makes home a delightful and profitable place.

V. *Music*, sacred music, either vocal or instrumental, is well calculated to breathe elevated harmonies through the hearts of home. Hymns of praise and devotion, spiritual songs, affectionate ballads, sung in the spirit of propriety, are subduing and chastening in their influence, and, when they can be, should be often sung as the melodies of home. Especially do they assist the heart in its preparations for devotion. They subdue and refine it. They harmonize its feelings. Often should inspiring music awaken the tender feelings that spring into being at home.

VI. *Devotional exercises* from the devotional parts of the Bible, from devotional books, in thanksgiving and prayer, either oral or read, are probably more elevating and subduing than anything else in the family circle. Devotion, as a simple ceremonial, as a formal and outward obedience to a supposed command, can be of but little service, and that little is questionable in its character. But devotion, when the heart is right, and moves to its solemn and tender rites, is the very highest form of human virtue, is the noblest expression of subdued passions, of chastened affections, of pure thoughts, of harmonized feelings, of freedom from sin, and liberty in divine truth, that

can be given. Nothing else breathes such tender harmonies through home, as a devout and earnest prayer. Nothing else gives such strength in trials, such resignation in sorrow, such preparation for duty, and such cheerfulness in labor, as a prayerful spirit. In every family the voice of prayer should be often heard, and the spirit of prayer should always be present. A true prayer is always a resolution to good, a determination to be better, an appeal under the most solemn sanctions to our nobler natures. Hence, it always gives strength to those natures, cultivates and expands them, while, at the same time, it puts a quietus upon all our lower feelings. Hence, the more devotional feelings are cultivated in a family, the more virtuous, elevated and happy will that family be.

VII. *Kindness* should be the great home virtue. Come what will, every member of home should be taught to be kind, in word, look and action. Kindness should be understood as the written law of home, which must never be violated. Though differences of opinion arise, though feelings run in different channels, though interests seem to clash, and desires clamor in opposite directions, still, above all this should reign, all the time, the great law of kindness. It should be a religious principle sacredly inculcated, that kindness is and must be the primary law of home. All labor, reading, study, conversation, and

prayer, should be to make permanent and active the principle of kindness.

Thus, by a strict attendance to these several particulars, piety may be shown at home. Religion will thus be naturalized at home. And all its inmates will grow up into that which everybody acknowledges to be genuine religion; not a cold, narrow, sour bigotry; not a slavish, tormenting fear; not a selfish, hateful ambition for the "loaves and fishes;" nor a griping, lean-fingered covetousness for the gold of a special heaven for ourselves; but a real, pious, earnest, generous devotion to the general good; a feeling to live and help live, to be good and do good. Nobody can have a meaner opinion of cold formalities, of heartless prayers, that hang in icicles upon the lips, of the mummery of devotion for fear or favor, than the writer. But what I have been recommending is the whole distance from earth to heaven above this. It is spiritual piety and the means to cultivate it. Where this exists, and is cultivated in a home with earnestness and constancy, there is to be found a *Christian home*. How pleasing the thought! How much does it convey to the mind! Out from such a home goes naught but health and happiness to society. Out from such a home flow streams of social purity and vigor that are the life-currents of the body politic. Such homes are evangels of heaven preaching righteousness to the community, — a living righteousness imbued with the power of God. In them are nursed

the messengers of peace, the oracles of wisdom, and the conservators of virtue, liberty and religion. They are the schools of public virtue and wisdom, of general intelligence and morality. They are the securities of peace in the community, the safeguards of a nation. A stronger defence are they than a thousand blazing artilleries. Would you bless the world? Secure to yourself such a home. Would you show the fruits of a noble patriotism? Live in such a home. Would you do a good thing for religion; for Christ and his cause? Establish for yourself and family a *Christian home.* Thus will you open a fountain whose streams shall be blessedness to the world, whose bow shall be a token of promise to humanity, and whose flow shall be a song of praise to God.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHRISTIAN HUSBAND.

WHEN man came up from the solitudes of matter, and was animated with a spiritual existence, his Maker saw and declared it was "not good for him to be alone." In his bosom's depths were crystal tides of great affections, which were the fountains of a vast race of immortal beings and powers, and the opening sources of innumerable joys and virtues. Upon these reposing affections a quickening influence was breathed by the Maker divine; but breathed through the medium or instrumentality of woman, a being kindred with man in every spiritual power and grace; a being diviner than he in tenderness, but needing the shelter of his guardian arm; holier than he in worship, but delighted with his power over surrounding existences to make them subservient to their mutual good; intenser than he in love and in every refined sentiment, but comparatively powerless without the stimulus of his strong confidence and the light of his commanding brow. With her to quicken him he is reverent and tender, strong in virtue and sublime in sentiment. With him to inspire her, she is mighty in

reserved power and all-unconquerable in the majesty and might of her affections. Regarded separately, they are but unfinished halves of the sentient creation. Viewed together, they are the completed glory of moral intelligence. Moving separately, they are weak, fearful, uninspired, fickle and unreliable. Acting together, they are strong, brave, inspired with a reliability, readiness, and force of activity, apparently superhuman in their results. Separate, they waste their powers in the cheerless solitudes of retired thought. Together, they animate the earth with their stirring presence, and people it with the human world of glad life and glorious power. No, it was not good for man to be alone, and so his Maker gave him a companion. A companion is a kindred being, a congenial spirit, who can respond to every spiritual call, and supply every inherent need. Man's companion is a being who inwardly knows his wants before they are expressed, anticipates his joys and sorrows, and with reciprocal sympathy goes to dwell in and satisfy his interior being, as sunshine flows into the opening flower to gild it with beauty and enrich it with fragrance. There is something divinely beautiful in true companionship. To see two beings of kindred mould walking hand in hand and heart in heart; kindling in each other's bosoms the glowing fires of affection, sentiments, worship and thought; studying together the beautiful earth and glowing heavens, and rising and rejoicing in mutual

admiration at what they see and learn; experiencing together the joys and sorrows, trials and discipline of life, with a mutual trust and gladdening and sustaining confidence; reposing together in the Eden of reciprocal love, with hearts melted in one, and feelings quick answering to feelings in holy and joyous response, and kneeling together in confiding and childlike devotion in worship of the Father Almighty; swelling with warm and mutual love and adoration of the Great Spirit Fountain of all they see, feel and enjoy; is indeed a sight to behold with eyes tearful in joy and gratitude. Such is true companionship. It is a blending of two kindred souls, like the mingling of two mountain streams, to part no more forever, but to flow on through all scenes and seasons with one movement, one purpose, and one experience. What before was *two* now becomes one. What before was *divided* is now *united.* What before were hemispheres circling in separate and jarring scenes, now are a golden globe with a new and congenial circuit around the sun of mutual love. The grand idea of companionship is *unity.* And companionship is perfect just in the degree that unity is secured. This unity may extend to every faculty of the soul, to every sentiment of the mind, every desire of the heart, and every experience of life. When it does, it is a full and complete unity, and constitutes a perfect companionship. A companionship wisely entered into, and appreciatingly lived, is productive of a profound and

peaceful joy, sweeter, holier and more blessed, than words can tell. It charms the whole soul with the meed of full satisfaction, and pours through all the interior avenues the aroma of refreshing sweetness. And while it charms and satisfies, it inspires to action and awakens a chaste and pure ambition for every good. Such a companionship is not a fiction of heated fancy, or an unreal vision existing only in the Elysian chambers of the imagination. It is a solid and beautiful reality which accords with the best experiences of nearly all companions. Who has not enjoyed seasons of an all-pervading congeniality, of a fulness of union, supremely elevating and blessed, which gave a realization of more than fancy had ever pictured or hope had ever dared to crave? These occasional sunny-leaves of full unity are but real and joyful pictures of what every-day companionship should be, and would be were the era of Christian love established in all, or in companions' hearts. Such is the natural adaptedness of men and women to each other, that, with ordinary attention to the congeniality and fitness in the choice of companions, their lives must furnish many pictures of deep conjugal felicity and blessedness, pictures which are radiant of virtue and joy, and which are the copies in conjugal life to be every day imitated. But not only have nearly all had the seasons of a full and high companionship, but many have realized as a life-lasting Eden, a steady, calm, every-day fulness of peace, which made their lives more profoundly

peaceful, serenely blissful, and supremely blessed, than their youthful ardor had ventured to hope, or even conceive. This is not vision, but reality. What men have experienced they *know*. And what they know is not vision. Thousands will testify to the strongest positions that can be taken of conjugal blessedness. The truth is, the half have never been told. The excellency, beauty, moral loveliness and spiritual joy and peace revealed in true companionship, have never been and never will be expressed in human language. It is the great internal poem of life, unwritten, but all the more real; sweet as enchantment itself, grand, stirring, bewildering in rapture as the soul's vision of heaven, and bursting at every period with a beauty deeper, fuller and intenser than ever glows on the world's great face.

Marriage is a divine institution. God presided at the first marriage altar, and performed the solemn rite of indissoluble union. He more than gave it his sanction. He ordained it. He instituted its relations. He opened the silver fountain of affection, and wove from its spray the mysterious, but tenacious cord of love that binds two willing hearts in one. When he made man, and gave him the finishing touch of creative skill, he left in and reaching out of every faculty of his soul the broken or unsealed and bleeding end of a cord of love to be united with its corresponding cord in its companion's soul; and thus made marriage a great necessity, and inwritten duty. Marriage,

then, is a religious institution, has its origin and sanction in the source of religion, and should be so regarded. God, we are told, is love; and it is but reasonable to suppose that he would establish between his children a relation designed to inspire universal and eternal love. Religion, we are told, is love in its spirit and essence. So Jesus taught us by his sublime precepts and his divine life. It is but rational to suppose that God would establish a religion in harmony with the first and most important and imperative institution that he established among his children.

Heaven, we are told, is love in its sublime fulness and universal grandeur. Knowing this, we should expect that the great Author of heaven and its inhabitants would found some institution in the earth designed in its results to give a foretaste of that world of all-pervading affection.

The very fact of marriage shows that its design was to establish and open the fountains of love in this world and keep them flowing forever. It is the garden of all the affections; the nursery of all love. Hence religion, in its widest and fullest sense, can be considered as only the philosophy of marriage, or the precepts of divine wisdom, which, when obeyed, will make marriage what it should be, the voice and answer of love, the fountain, garden and nursery of affection. Induce men everywhere to look upon marriage in its true light, as a holy birth-place of perpetual kindness, as a planting-ground of fostering con-

fidence and redeeming charity, as the bower of peace and tenderness, as the sacred, inviolable home where cluster all the loves that may have birth in the human heart, and religion would have but an easy task to realize its blessed and glorious prophecy.

The objects, then, of marriage are altogether religious, and the duties it brings and the joys it gives should be considered in a religious light. Every man who marries ought to regard himself as a religious man; as having taken upon himself religious duties; as having obligated himself to realize in no small degree the ideal of religion, which is a life of holy love and faithful duty. When, at the divine altar of marriage, he takes the confiding hand of his companion, he ought to feel that it is a solemn vow to realize in his life the holy ideal of religion, so far as the highest powers and noblest efforts of his soul will permit. He ought to regard it as a consecration to divine duties. Too many have looked upon marriage as a mere civil compact, as a sort of commercial contract, for profit, gain, earthly convenience or pleasure. Hence they have entered into the contract with the most sordid feeling and selfish motives, and have lived lives of brutal tyranny and lust. Such living is not marriage. It is only licensed licentiousness. It is a brutal trampling upon this divine institution. Too low and sordid are the common ideas of marriage. Neither men nor women appreciate generally the sublime excellence of this institution, nor its highest

objects; nor can they while they remain ignorant of the true religion. No irreligious man can make a full and perfect husband. He cannot respond to all the wants that plead for answer in his wife's soul. He cannot encourage her best aspirations. He cannot cherish the sweetest plants that grow in her interior garden. He cannot reciprocate her holiest love. He cannot companion with the angel within her. Woman's highest love and holiest life are religious. Her sweetest and most cherished companionship is the answer to her spiritual yearnings. Every true woman has whisperings of an angel love within her, of an affection above earth and sense, pure, sweet and spiritual, as she imagines angels feel; and never is her whole soul satisfied, and her highest ideal of companionship realized, till this celestial heart within her is cherished by her husband, and they experience a mutual influx of the spirit of this divine affection. In this is their highest, holiest, divinest companionship. An irreligious man cannot be a partner in such a companionship. If his wife yearns for it, as yearn she does if she is a true woman, she cannot find an answer in him. In singleness of heart must she yearn on through life, having a companion only for her lower nature, and mourning and sorrowing in secret for an answer to her higher heart. Many a woman, born with almost a seraph's feelings, high by nature as woman can well be, but ignorant of the philosophy of her own soul, has abruptly left her husband, vainly hoping to find

an answer to these inward yearnings by a wicked and unlawful connection with another man,—thus planting a barbed arrow of remorse in her own, and of grief in her husband's heart; and this too when her husband is all unconscious of the cause of disquietude, when no word of unkindness has ever passed between them, when he believes he has been a faithful husband, and she has not one word of fault to find with him. She only knows that her soul's greatest want has been unanswered, and why she cannot tell. The secret lies in the fact that her spiritual nature has been uncompanioned. Many there are who live through life, to the world's eye, in peace and happiness, whose hearts have been a constant spiritual sepulchre where have been buried their holiest hopes and their most spiritual affections. They are the daughters of a concealed sorrow, which is revealed only to the spiritual eye in little complaints, half-uttered murmurs, flitting shadows, and melancholy musings. Seldom do they know the true cause of their tearful life, their wintry companionship. It exists in the same fact that their spiritual natures are uncompanioned. It often makes them melancholy, complaining and fretful; and this affects unfavorably their husbands, and makes them less spiritual and elevated than they otherwise would be; so that both are rendered often unhappy and even wicked. And all this from the neglect of the husband properly to cultivate an inward religious life, properly to companion his wife's

spiritual nature. This is one of the great retributions for a failure in duty; it is God's reproval for a violation of his great law of marriage. Marriage is strictly and positively inward. Within the spirit lie the secret springs of its joy and blessedness. Hence the husband, who fails to regard it as such, fails in his highest duties to, and proper affection for, his wife. To feed, clothe, and shelter, and give her position in the world, is not to be her companion in the true sense of the term. The true companionship is in giving answer to the call of the woman-spirit. These calls are religious and spiritual in their nature. They pertain to the immortal woman. They originate in the soul. And the husband must meet them, or he is not a true husband, does not companion his wife's soul, does not *love* her as he ought. The custom of society has given the *man* the privilege of making the advance proposition for the marriage relation. He makes the active proposition; she can but accept or reject it. The promises which he makes are summed up in this one, that he will companion her whole nature; that he will clothe, protect and adorn her soul as well as body. If he loves his wife as he ought, with a noble, dignified and religious affection, he will recognize these duties, and cheerfully and faithfully perform them. As he has asked the companionship, and voluntarily led the way to it, he has assumed the lead in every religious duty and the conduct of their spiritual relationship. Hence, in all these duties, he is to walk

faithfully and boldly forward, asking her confidingly to attend and assist him with her advice, encouragement and affection. He has constituted himself an exemplar, a pioneer on their journey of life, spiritually as well as temporally. He has placed himself at the head, saying to his wife, "By my side, and under the shadow and safety of my good right arm, shalt thou walk."

But what is the nature of his spiritual duties to his wife? They pertain to the cultivation and happiness of her mental nature, to the development and culture of the powers and capacities of her soul. He took her to improve her condition, and make her happy. And this improvement relates to her spiritual as well as physical condition. Does he find her poor? He seeks to lay the world's golden treasures at her feet. But how will she be able properly to appreciate and use this increase of her outward fortune without a corresponding increase of her inward wealth? Does he find her thinly clad, and poorly provided with the good and beautiful things of comfort and taste? He seeks to robe her in the adornments becoming her natural person. But how can she carry gracefully her apparel, or wear with chaste and womanly dignity her costly decorations, without those adornments of spirit that give grace to every outward motion, and a proper estimation of the uses and beauties of dress? Does he find her homeless; unsheltered from the world's cold blast, "without where to lay her head"?

He strives to build her a house, plant around it the evergreens symbolic of life, and gather within it every worldly comfort. But how can she adorn and guide the important concerns of that house, unless her mind is treasured with the wisdom and goodness necessary to make that sacred spot a *home* indeed? A cabin or a hovel is more a home with a true woman to preside over its holy interests, than a palace with an automaton of ignorance or fashion to degrade its high sanctities. It is cultivated minds that give character and importance to our worldly good. It is spiritual wealth that gives value to material treasures. It is mental grace that gives beauty to outward adornments. It is the presiding genius of developed and charming womanhood that infuses sweetness into all the scenes and offices of home. Home is dear and valuable just in proportion to the worth of the woman that is mistress of its affairs. Woman is the glory or shame of home, the heaven or hell of man's earthly existence. When she is a true woman, an angel could scarcely breathe a holier and a happier influence, or fill the atmosphere about her with a diviner charm. When she has doffed her higher nature, and gone down to pander to brutal sense, and the base ends of ambition and power, a demon could scarcely breathe a more pestilential breath. Would the husband live embalmed as it were in the charms of divine womanhood? Let him make her what she should be, afford her the opportunities necessary to develop her higher

nature, breathe about her the quickening influences of a Christian ambition, and lead her upward towards the mount of transfiguration. Let him gather around her such associates as shall inspire her with higher aims; introduce her to such men and women as are patterns of exalted worth; and take her to such scenes of instruction and amusement as shall quicken her ascending steps; give her time, opportunity, and books, for general reading, and especially such as shall redeem her from her peculiar faults, and awaken in her a noble ambition to be all her capacities will possibly permit; set apart seasons sacred to reading, improving conversation, devotion and study, and take an earnest lead himself in these means of improvement. Let him make her acquainted with the world, its history, business, politics, reforms, inventions, literature and religion. A little attention to these things every day will soon give a general knowledge of the world, which will be vastly important in developing his wife's judgment, character and ambition; and, especially, let him acquaint her with everything pertaining to woman, — her sphere, duties, capabilities and influence, and encourage her to be all that women properly are in their sphere of action in life.

This general attention to the cultivation of her mind and awakening of her powers must soon make a marked improvement in her general character, and quicken and elevate her conjugal affections. It will

cherish that the less she will desire, and the better use she will make of outward good. Everybody, with industry, temperance and economy, can get time and means enough for all the religious reading his or her wants require.

II. *Public worship* is another most effectual means of religious improvement, which every husband should attend with his wife, that she may have her spiritual powers weekly quickened, and her soul fed with the living bread of life. He should secure a home for his wife's soul in the public sanctuary. A pleasant home for her body is a great blessing which she cannot too highly prize; but a home for her soul, where it can be weekly enriched with the beauty of truth and wisdom, is, to say the least, of equal importance. The Sabbath sanctuary should be no more neglected than the daily meals, or the every-day labor of life. This the Christian husband will prize as one of the best means for the spiritual improvement of himself and wife.

III. But the most spiritual and powerful means for religious improvement, are the *devotions of the family altar*. The Bible-lesson, the hymn of praise and the heart-breathed prayer, given as a daily sacrifice at the domestic shrine of devotion when the world is shut out and the soul lives its true life, have an influence pure and happy as the heart can well feel. No husband should neglect this private and personal means of improvement. It matters not what may

Milton soared, whose genius, like the eagle, with undimmed eye, rushed upward in the face of the Eternal Sun. Here Pollock, Bailey, Massillon, Channing, found boundless fields for the sweep of their comprehensive thoughts. Here Moses, Isaiah, Paul, and, last and greatest, divinest of all created intelligences, head of the sentient creation, glory of God's great spiritual family, the immaculate Jesus, found scope for powers of thought inconceivably grand. What can be more inspiring to the intellect than the writings of such minds, and what more quickening to every fibre of an ascending soul, than the lofty spirit which breathes and glows like a divine glory around their words?

O, husband! if you would make an angel of your wife, read to her from these great authors; read to her often and much from the living mines of religious thought which they have left as the immortal records of their progress and redemption. It will quicken her whole soul, sanctify her life, and sweeten all the dear amenities of your sacred relation. Have a stated time every day for this kind of reading; it may be at morning dawn or evening close, as shall best suit your conveniences. Better let the theatre, ball-room and the saloon, go unvisited, than that your private chamber should hear not the voices of the great and good instructing you in the ways of life. Remember, you have married your wife's soul; and you must nourish that as well as provide for her body. The better you

and wife; he may fulfil the duties and secure to himself the character of a Christian husband. Improvement should be the constant aim of life, and especially should it be of married life. A husband should feel ashamed and conscious of a neglect of duty, if he and his companion have not improved faster in the married than they did in the single life. Progress should be the motto of the married; and it is only by heeding its inspiring spirit, and practically demonstrating its glorious meaning, that the husband can prove that he yields a full obedience to the apostolic injunction, "Husbands, love your wives."

CHAPTER III.

THE CHRISTIAN WIFE.

When God would touch his universe with its nishing glory, he made woman; and since that, we o not read that he has felt able, or thought it best, to ıake a more divine creature. Woman, as she came :om the divine hand, untouched with sin, unmarred ·ith error, was as perfect an expression of the divine nage, as pure an intelligence as could be created in ıe flesh, capable of bearing its burdens and sustain- ıg its life. But woman, deluded by ignorance, and ›duced by sin, is quite another creature. The soul ıat God made her, she has defaced and sadly scarred. Vith man she has stooped to defile her garments; she as become his partner in weakness, error and guilt, ıd now fails to see herself as she ought to be, to fill er proper sphere, to do her legitimate work, to feel er holy responsibilities. For her Christianity has a ission; her soul is a fit receptacle of its celestial ›irit; she can answer its divine call to duty; she can ·st embody its ideal of beauty, best give expression ı the outward life to its spiritual excellence. Woman properly regarded as the love-element of humanity.

She is the love, while man is the power; that is, her strength is love, while his is power. She is love and thought; he is power and thought. In strength of intellect, no doubt, the two are nearly equal. In any field of intellectual labor into which they have entered together, they have each been a match for the other. In hard thought, in correct observation, in close analysis, they stand together the peerless king and queen of earth. Yet, though equal here, they are different. Woman is quicker, more sagacious and intuitive; man is more plodding, analytical and argumentative. But in the realm of love she wears the crown; he in the realm of power. This difference adapts each to the other, and when united makes each stronger and more efficient. Christianity is consecrated love, or love in its highest, perfect, heavenly form; and hence is adapted to woman's nature in a most eminent degree. Woman in her highest estate receives Christianity almost by intuition; it comes to her soul with a divine unction. Her natural heart, acting in its highest capacity, is in harmony with the great cardinal principles of Christianity. Christ was an embodiment of pure affection; his precepts were the natural speech of celestial tenderness; his life was a poem of perfect love; his teachings have ever found a ready response in woman's heart. She was his last friend at the cross, and the first at the sepulchre; to her he first appeared after his resurrection; she was his first commissioned messenger to herald the tidings of that great

event, the first preacher of the Gospel of the resurrection.

Woman without Christianity has ever been degraded. Because love is timid and yielding, she has ever shrunk from the contest of power with her companion; and because power is exacting and arbitrary, he has always held the iron rein of tyranny fast in what he called his manly hand, and has thus too often made his proper companion his real slave. Christianity has broken, and still is breaking, her chains, and promises her the full fruition of her companionship with man in the enjoyment of all her rights and affections.

Woman, as a wife, is in her real and most beautiful position. Here she occupies a field as natural as it is delightful to her; one to which her nature will always tend, one which she will crave with her whole heart, and in which her powers will develop more beautifully and harmoniously than elsewhere. To this she aspires because she is invited here by the most entreating voice of her strongest affection, because it is the great harvest-field of love, and because it opens to her the duties of the most tender relations of life. It is here she appears in her most interesting aspect, because she is the guardian of home, the presiding divinity of earth's "holy of holies." Home, "sweet home," garden of beauty and fragrance, shrine of peace and love, first paradise of mortals, fountain of "the river of life," the one lone earthly type of heaven, — this is woman's kingdom. In it she rules

with a grace all her own, with the singular dignity and propriety of its rightful and natural queen.

No earthly spot is so sweet as home; no earthly being so beautiful as wife. However much woman may exert her influence in the world,—however great the sway she may hold over the multitudes of her fellows by her pen, her voice, or her authority,—however pressing her duties and great her pleasures in the theatre of public life,—it is in her home that she finds her richest enjoyments and extends her most potent control. We would not pretend to limit her sphere of action, nor confine her to the routine of home duties. Her legitimate sphere is wherever she can do good, whether at home or abroad, in private or in public life; but act as she will, in the widest sphere her soul may seek or her ambition crave, the energies, life and heart of the great mass of women will be at home, in the environment of its duties and affections. Throw every field of activity and usefulness wide open to her,—as it should be without let or hindrance from law or public opinion,—she will still cling to home as the bower of affection. Do what she will elsewhere, do all she can in the world, she will do none the less to honor and bless her home. Here she will build the pyramids of her strength and erect the monuments of her love and loyalty to duty. Here she will open the fountains of her greatest influence and wield the sceptre of her mightiest power. Here she will rear the heralds of her principles and commission

the apostles of her religion. Here she will organize her armies of reform and impress her poets and orators with the Promethean fire that burns on the altar of her heart. Here she will sow the seeds of that great harvest which the world shall reap in time and eternity.

Not narrow, then, are the influences of woman at home. The words which she speaks and the deeds which she does at home, will be heard and felt through all the pulses of the great body-politic, in the halls of legislation, and at the bar of God. If she herself goes into public life, she carries the ultimate spirit of her home-life with her. Her home, language, thoughts and feelings, character and cultivation, constitute the warp and woof of the web of her public life. So of all she sends out from her home. Hence the importance of weaving Christian garlands around the brows of home and strewing the path of domestic life with the flowers of Christian truth. Every Christian crown woven by the soft hand of the guardian of home, will be worn into the world as the chief ornament of its wearer. How essential, then, that every wife wear about her the graces of the Christian character, and enshrine within her the spirit of the Christian life! How can, how dare, a woman become a wife who is not a Christian, or has not determined to live a Christian life? In assuming this beautiful relation, she takes within her embraces the human being she professes to love more than any

other, to exert over him an influence more potent and penetrating than any other that shall operate upon him. It is true that she carries her sceptre further into his soul, extends her realm wider over his being, and infuses herself deeper into the essence of his moral life, than any or all other beings. To her he opens his heart of hearts, and she walks in and assumes it as her kingdom. To her he gives up the treasures of his confidence, and she accepts them with that smiling gratitude which makes her thereafter their keeper. For her his arm becomes strong and his soul brave; for her his days are spent, and to her his life is given. She is his private counsellor, his inspirer in weakness, his joy in strength, his star by night and his sun by day, and his beacon in the storms of life. She is thus to him an ever-present presiding divinity. The beams of her character are thrown into his, whatever be their warmth or complexion. Light or dark, pure or impure, they mix and mingle with his. The moment they are united their characters begin to coalesce like the mingling waters of two meeting streams. The currents which before were two, now struggle to be one. There are a few exceptions, but the rule is that the wife exerts a potent influence over the husband; and the complexion of that influence is the same when mingled in his character that it was in hers. If good in her, it will be good in him; if bad in her, it will be bad in him; if Christian in her, it will be Christian in him; if infidel or worldly in her,

it will be so in him. This being a solemn fact, I again ask, how dare a woman become a wife with no Christian principles, with no baptism of her spirit into the Christian fountain? If she appreciates the solemn issues of the office she is to assume, if she understands anything of those immortal chords of being which she alone is to touch, and comprehends a tithe of the responsibility she assumes, she will not do it.

Many seem to think that a narrow influence is less responsible than an extended one. What matters it, whether we influence one being or a thousand? Is it not immortal mind we move, immortal principles we effect? There is no difference in the guilt whether we murder one man or a thousand; steal one dollar or a thousand. He that is guilty of one is guilty of the whole; for the heart that would commit one crime would commit a thousand just like it. So it is with responsibility. It is just as important to save one soul, as it is to save a world; just as responsible to assume an influence over one soul as over a multitude; for in either case the same principles are affected, the same results obtained. Then the wife's position is as responsible as the queen's, and more so, because she assumes a more intricate relation, a more spiritual position. I know of no control that goes more directly into the heart and life of another, and no responsibility greater than that assumed by the wife. With what a tremendous eloquence does this thought appeal to the wife to be a Christian, and send

home to the heart of her husband and household the winged influence of Christian principles!

We are too apt to look with indifference upon our every-day obligations and to regard the duties of a narrow sphere as less important than those of a wider one. Fatal error is this. Life is made up of little things. It is but a small thing that we can do at best in one hour or a day. If that thing is well done we cannot tell to what it may grow. Oaks, rivers and kingdoms, are small in their beginnings. But is it a small thing for one human soul to mould another into the life of Christ? Is it a small thing for one soul to fill another with virtue? Virtue is cumulative. Like a tree, it puts out its branches and spreads its seeds, and other trees and other seeds and branches are the results. No man lives to himself. He imparts himself to others, daily, hourly. If his wife plants a virtue in his heart, he gives it to his neighbors, and they to their neighbors, and so on; he gives it to his children, and they to theirs, and so down; so that virtue spreads outward and downward to infinity. The wife, who Christianizes her husband may add countless multitudes to the kingdom of heaven, and adorn millions of souls with robes of white, which they shall wear through eternity. The wavelet which she starts in the still seclusion of her home, may wash and brighten the green shores of the immortal country. No deed stands alone; all are connected with others. Little things are not, therefore, small things.

There are no small things in human lives; they all have infinite relations. The thoughts which are born within you are spreading infinitely. They cannot stop; they have stirred immortal waters. Our home music is beating its echoes for heaven and the universe. Nobody knows how to stop an influence; it is like attemping to forget a thing. The more you try the more you remember it. The more you seek to stop an influence, the more you fix it in your own soul, to color and affect it and all its after influences. Influences are infinite in their relations, and will go on. It is our business to start new and right ones. If our good ones can over-ride the bad ones, then a victory is won.

The wife may start good influences in her own and impart them to her husband's soul; and thus will they go out to execute their infinite errands. No small or narrow sphere is hers. She plays an air in her home to which the universe listens. She does something for her husband; it is either good or bad; there is no indifference about it; it is Christian or unchristian. No wife is a nonentity. She must affect her husband; they are a consecrated unity; they cannot act separately. If they attempt it, their thoughts run to each other and mingle in unity. Their bodies may walk in different directions, but their spirits go back and meet. The wife's influence, then, is perpetual and powerful, whether she will or no. She is the constant attendant of her husband; he

cannot go away from her mentally. Into his mind she pours a constant stream of influence, good or bad; it is for her to say which. Wives are too apt to think they can take neutral ground and let their husbands do as they please. They cannot do so. They cannot be nobodies to their husbands. They must fill up a large place in their souls. A wife has no right to let her husband do as he pleases. It is her business to have him please to do right. She is set for his watcher and helpmate. She must help him to please to do right. She may not always succeed in doing all she would for him, but she may always try. If she works in wisdom and love she will do him some good. By uniting with him she set the current of his life, and it is now her business to see, so far as she can, that it flows always in the right direction. She is a wife, and must, and will exert an influence. And the question with her is, how shall she be a Christian wife unto her husband?

I. First of all, she must be a *Christian woman.* She must enshrine Christ in her heart; must love and cherish his principles; must be attached to his religion; must find and feel a beauty in his truth, and a glory in his life. She must be inwardly conformed to the right, in love with the morally beautiful and true. If she has not these principles at heart she will succeed but poorly in exerting a Christian influence on her husband. She cannot pass off to him for what she is not. Her mightiest influence

over him will come right out of her heart of hearts. The fountain must be pure, or corrupt waters will flow. Her first work is to see to her own heart. By all the Christian instrumentalities, by fervent devotion of spirit to the blessed Saviour in his principles of love and reverence, she should open a door of communion with God, and consecrate herself to the duties of his devout and obedient children. Thus will she open within her the flower of the spirit, the fragrance of which will fill her house, and go up as constant incense to the Father. Thus prepared, her influence will be hallowed, and the natural every-day out-goings of her spirit will tend to Christianize her home.

No wife without Christ in her heart can exert a Christian influence in her household. But so kindred with the heart of woman are the pure and affectionate principles of Christ, so in accordance with her love is his, so easy of acceptance are the kind and solicitous proposals of his gospel, that it would seem but an easy transition for every wife to pass into the Christian state and consecrate herself to its principles of purity and usefulness. Every Christian duty is in harmony with the true woman heart; and every Christian principle in unison with the inmost feelings of the true wife. She devotes herself, with a purity and unity of purpose, to the good of her husband which finds a ready response and assistance from the purity and unity of purpose with which Christianity

would devote her children to all good. She consecrates her heart to a love of her husband which finds a full answer in the love which the Christian feels for all. She employs her hand in ministering to the wants of her household while Christ devotes his hand to the needy of all families. A most fit shrine is woman's heart for the gospel of life and peace. Its faith is suited to the spirituality of her nature; its hope to the inherent aspirations of her heart; and its promises to the arduous longings of her soul.

Woman has always been the readiest recipient of the principles of Christianity. Her heart embraces them as by intuition. When we consider woman in her true estate, and Christianity in its affectionateness and devoutness, we wonder that every woman is not a Christian. Woman never assumes her highest loveliness, nor wears her most attractive adornments, till she imbibes the Christian spirit, and lives the Christian life. Woman was the last and most perfect work of creation; Christianity the last and most perfect work of grace. Christianity is the spiritual correspondent of woman.

The science of correspondence is beautiful and universal. Everything is in corresponding pairs,—as man and woman; law and gospel; body and soul; matter and spirit; outward and inward life; light and truth; attraction and affection, &c., &c. Woman's spiritual correspondent is Christianity. Should she not, then, be united with it, and show forth its excellency in her

life? And, especially in the character of wife, should she not show it to her husband, that its spirit should soften and sweeten his stern nature, and refine the coarseness of his outward life, so that her home shall be the dwelling-place of refinement and affection, where her days shall be given to active usefulness, and her nights to meditation and sweet repose?

II. *She should make use of all the Christian instrumentalities for the Christian improvement of her family.* All moral and mental good comes by means. This is eminently so of Christian good. A Christian heart and life are not inheritances, nor unbought gifts. They are the price of exertion. So a Christian home is the price of exertion in the use of the proper means.

1. The first of these means is attendance upon the public service of worship, as a regular Sabbath duty. Few things conduce more to order well a household. It affords a constant and uniform Sabbath employment, which of itself is of incalculable benefit, and promotes every Christian virtue. Its influence upon the home circle is salutary when properly engaged in. It affords themes for profitable conversation, and delightful Sabbath meditation. See a Christian family returned from its sanctuary service. Its members have devoted a brief hour to public praise, prayer and reflection. Their hearts are now attuned in harmony with each other, attuned to the Sabbath, and to the principles of gospel love and peace. They go to

their home, and everything in it reflects the harmony of their hearts. Peace prevails, and love abounds. Their season of refreshing is the subject of conversation. The thoughts they have heard, and the feelings they have enjoyed, afford delightful themes. Thus they renew the sanctuary service, and bring its holy influences into the precincts of home. These conversations and meditations, carried out, afford a beautiful conclusion for a Sabbath day. A good sermon, heard and forgotten, does but little good. An inferior one, heard, remembered, conversed and improved upon, may do great good.

These home exercises, as the result of a public service, are highly profitable, but greatly neglected in all families. On this, in a great measure, depends the good of public worship and instruction. This good will depend, in no small degree, upon the interest, exertion and influence of the wife, who is, in fact, the most influential member of the household at home. If she faithfully attends public worship, and uses her best influence over her household to secure their attendance with her, and then follows up the service with the proper supplement of home conversation, she exerts a Christian influence in her family which cannot well be calculated. In this way we doubt not that every wife may be of great service to her family in imbuing it with Christian principles. And all this is a duty from which no wife can excuse herself with impunity. It has been said that woman is the re-

ligion of humanity; if so, the wife is the religion of the family; and, occupying the position that she does, her influence may be very great over the religious interests of her household.

2. The second Christian instrumentality is the Sabbath, which the Christian wife may use for the benefit of her household. The hours of the Sabbath are dedicated to the cultivation and development of our moral or spiritual natures; and when we devote them to anything else, we desecrate them, and rob ourselves of the most precious moments of life. To rob life of a precious moment is more than to rob it of a dollar. Of all neglects, our moral ones are greatest. And yet our moral capacities are the highest, and may be the most richly productive of happiness, of any of our possessions. To these the Sabbath is designed to be devoted. It is our day for spiritual improvement. On it we may worship the Father, read his great lessons of truth and love, meditate on his laws, write or orally express our thoughts on all moral subjects, study our own natures, relations and duties, determine upon what is right and what is wrong, settle all questions of conscience, and do all things that directly enhance our moral good.

The Sabbath, in every home, is greatly under the control of the wife. She can use it for its proper purpose, or permit it to be desecrated. She can make her home a Sabbath day home, or she can fill it with the folly and gayety of holiday time. No hus-

band will invite his friends to desecrate the Sabbath hours of his home in idle gossip or sensual pleasures, when he knows they are holy time to his wife. No friend will think of visiting a family on Sunday for social pleasure, where the wife is religiously attached to the Sabbath for its proper uses. Over the Sabbath hours the wife should throw the mantle of Christian thoughtfulness and peacefulness, and should not permit them to be invaded with the sensualities and frivolities of week-day time. A real Sabbath at home, where love and sacred joy preside — where all the members seek to make each other good and happy — where all strive to improve their minds and hearts by good reading, cheerful and useful conversation, singing, meditation and prayer — where happiness is made a habit, and goodness a law — is the best preparation for a week of usefulness that we can possibly have. And it is a duty of every wife to direct her home to this end on the Sabbath. In no other way can she do so much to Christianize her family.

Another duty belongs especially to the Christian wife. *It is to spend her Sabbath with her husband.* The different callings and duties of husband and wife necessarily separate them much through the week. Their Sabbaths should be spent together, to renew and strengthen their affections, to plight anew their vows of loyalty and love, to recount their joys and trials, to confess their remissness in mutual duties, to seek forgiveness for errors and failures in

duty, to warm each other's hearts, to harmonize their natures, and consecrate their powers to each other. Between husband and wife there should be no secrets. Their hearts should lie open to each other; and a Sabbath day's communion with each other in religious duties, and useful and affectionate conversation, is better calculated to unseal every fountain, and harmonize every discordant element, than anything else. Never should a wife be away from her husband on the Sabbath, when it is consistently possible for her to be with him. She can do more for his spiritual benefit on that day than any other. And it is her first and highest duty to do him spiritual good, to be a wife to his spiritual man. A wife's whole duty is not over the cooking-stove, or in the dining-room. These duties are secondary, and grow out of her higher spiritual duties. She must first be a wife to her husband's soul. She must companion his mind, link herself to his spirit. This she must do by being his religious and moral associate at home. She must be his light into the kingdom, and his encouragement therein. She must minister to him in spiritual things by reading, conversation and prayer. And to all this the Sabbath day is especially favorable.

3. The third Christian instrumentality is *religious reading*, *instruction* and *devotion*. This comes especially within the province of the Christian wife. Every day should a particular time be set apart to these duties. And where the husband does not lead in

them, it becomes the duty of the wife to do it. And where he does, she should be with him, and assist and coöperate with him. Nothing is more pleasing to a husband than to feel that his wife is devoted to the spiritual good of his family. Though he be far from a practical Christian, he loves to have his wife one. And, if she is faithful to her duty, she can scarcely fail of bringing him every day nearer to his Saviour, and awakening in him more and more of the love of the good and true. The wife's influence, in the proper use of these means, may be highly salutary. She may do much to Christianize her home. She may gently check the tendencies to error, stay the progress of corrupt thoughts, curb the use of improper and coarse language, restrain the vehemency of passion, and introduce into every department an elevating tendency. This is the spiritual office of a wife. She should be an evangel of peace and virtue to her husband, the priestess of his heart, and the prophetess of his soul. To be successful in this, her spiritual department of duty, she must be zealous and in earnest. She must not be "weary in well-doing." She must be a patient, persevering, cheerful devotee of her divine Lord. Not every day will she feel a full satisfaction in her labors. She must "learn to labor and to wait;" then she will "reap in due season."

These, her spiritual duties, do not in the least interfere with her daily domestic duties. In all these she must be faithful, to be a Christian. Her Christian

feelings and philosophy will give character and dignity to all her daily labors. They will teach her to make every labor of life, every little duty, minister to the spiritual benefit of herself and family. Every domestic service will become a shrine upon which will be offered some beautiful and acceptable sacrifice. The cup of cold water will become an offering to benevolence, and the tear of sympathy a sacrifice laid upon the Christian altar.

If all wives were Christian, how many less husbands there would be who go astray. A Christian wife is man's greatest, holiest blessing. Would that there were more of them! The world needs them, and some men deserve them. They are God's mercy-messengers in the desolate valley of the world. No words can express the blessedness of their mission. Let them be faithful, and little will be the work left for the Christian ambassador to perform.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHRISTIAN FATHER.

FATHER! child! mysterious relationship! How many hold it; how few appreciate it! Fathers live in every neighborhood; but where are the fathers who comprehend the dignity of the fatherhood? God is a father. He is the first, perfect, all-Father. He is the fountain-head of the fatherhood. All fathers have grown out of him; all parent-power has its origin in him. Human creatures are but the flowers that have budded and blossomed on the bosom of his paternity. Do fathers reverently acknowledge the source of their parenticity? It is undevout to become a father without a prayer breathed to the Giver of all paternity, or a thank-offering made for the mysterious yet beautiful gift.

Father! How tender the name! and how suggestive of mysterious powers! It was not blessing enough that God created man in his own image, but he conferred the power upon him of giving being to other men in his image. The father gives himself to his child; he re-makes himself; by a mysterious process he moulds his character into his child's. There

may be exceptions, or at least there may appear to be, but this is the general rule: the brutal father begets a brutal child; the high-souled father imparts nobility to his child. Powers, gifts and characteristics, are hereditary. The roots of the father-soul strike into the child-nature. The seeds of the paternal character are implanted in the very soil of the offspring-being. This is the root and sum of paternity. To be the author of another being is not paternity; that belongs to creatorship. To be a creator is one thing; to be a father is quite another. A creator makes a new being; a father makes himself over again. A creature may be a new order of being unlike any other; a child must be like its father; must have the father daguerreotyped in itself. The likeness may be strong or faint, but it must be exact.

How *fearful* a thing, then, is it to be a father! His faults, imperfections, weaknesses, impulses, passions, ruling loves and lusts, must all plant their germs in the very soul of the new being. They go down from generation to generation as the paternal heirloom, increased or diminished according to their culture or restraint. They are checked and balanced by maternal inheritances; but, nevertheless, they go down a stream of paternal force and life to unborn generations.

How *beautiful* a thing it is to be a father! His strong affections and virtues, his noble powers and generous spirit, his goodness and large-heartedness,

strike their life-roots into the soil of the new soul, and go down to succeeding generations a rich paternal inheritance, and to their influence for good no man can set any bounds.

How *great* a thing it is to be a father! What powers, what labors, what reforms, what brilliance of mind and life, what strong results, may follow in the line of a father's family! Many a father unknown to fame has made the nations shake with the trumpet-tongue of his son's or daughter's name. Tremendous effects for good or bad often follow fathers of modest bearing. Mighty is most likely to be the stream that flows from every sire. Truly, it is a great, a fearful and a beautiful thing to be a father.

To be a *Christian* father, then, in the fullest and strongest sense,—to impart the most powerful Christian influence to his child, and impress upon his nature the richest inheritance of good,—he must begin the work of Christianizing his soul long before he becomes a father. He cannot give by inheritance till he has something to give; he cannot impart a good that is not in him; he cannot confer a force that he does not possess. The greater Christian force a man has in him, the greater the superabundance of the power of right over wrong, of good over evil, of Christ over Belial, in his character, in the moral vigor that makes up the man, the greater will be the inheritance of good he will confer upon his child. Christianity may be wrought into a man's soul; not its doctrines, but its

moral force; its spirit may ingrain itself into the spirit of the man, may permeate his mental being, give vigor and growth to his nobler nature, so that the tendency of the man is heavenward. It cannot in a day, or a week, or even a year; but it can by the silent workings of time given to Christian effort. Great works are not done in a moment; Christ is not created in the soul in a day. It is a progressive work, and takes time proportioned to its magnitude. A mind cannot receive its highest education short of a life-time. A heart cannot grow to its warmest love in a less time, or a soul to its greatest moral vigor. Yet much may be done in these directions in early life; these works may be commenced and actively carried forward. So with the Christian work. A life-time cannot complete it; yet a year well spent may do much. So a man cannot have his soul so richly endowed with Christian good as is desirable before he assumes the responsibilities of paternity; but he may be a Christian, and in solemn and earnest sanctification of his soul impart a rich moral inheritance to his offspring. All this is implied in the term father. I deem the idea of inheritance, at which I have hinted, of immense importance; yet the world seems scarcely to think of it as it relates to human fathers. We all cultivate *plants* to improve their qualities, *flowers* to make them beautiful, *fruits* to make them delicious; but it is awful and impious, in many minds, to talk of improving human parentity. But impious or not, in-

heritance and improvability are solemn realities that lie at the very bottom of human existence, and mould and color it more than any other. God's law is that the parent is the root of the offspring; that the child grows out of the father; and this law can never be annulled. He who is wise will act in obedience to it. "Can grapes be gathered of thorns, or figs of thistles?"

Paternity is an assumed relation; it is not a fatal necessity laid upon us. In assuming it voluntarily a man assumes its responsibilities; he tacitly takes upon himself to be a father by the highest lights of his age and society. In Christendom the highest type of good is in Christ; and the best father is a Christian father. In a Christian country, then, every father is under obligations to be a father after the best received type, that is, a Christian father.

A father imparts himself in still another way to his child, in a most effectual manner; that is, by his example, his life. The child's ingrained kindredness with the father makes it natural for his example to impress itself upon its mind with a peculiar force. The father's authority makes his example still more impressive; then his love fixes his every act upon the mind of his child as a righteous one. The father is the pattern; his law is wisdom, and his wisdom is authority. His words are the true and great words, and the child repeats them as the utterings of an oracle. No matter whether they are profane or de-

vout, brutal or spiritual, coarse or refined, truth or falsehood, the child loves to repeat them over and over again; he loves to do what he sees his father do, and be what he is; he has no higher ambition than to repeat his father; he knows nothing greater or more desirable. A child is a parrot; it loves to repeat. Not for sport does the child mimic, but mimicry is its business. What it sees done it must do or try to do. The whole effort and labor of childhood is one of imitation. Animals have instincts that guide them to their proper life; but children have to *learn* to do everything; and they learn it by imitation. They do what they see done, and then do it over and over again, till the action ingrains itself into the character as a fundamental element in its constitution.

The child looks to its parent more naturally than to any other person for its example. The parent sets the copy, the child writes or scrawls after it. It is thus by the constant and powerful force of example that the father remoulds his character in the character of the child. His character distils, as it were, in his offspring's soul. The child is a *camera*, before which the father sits to daguerreotype himself on the spirit-plate of the young immortal; his real character is the one he gives to the child; he cannot cheat him with a pretended character. If he is a Christian, he will give a Christian coloring to his child; if he is infidel, or sensual, or worldly, so he will impress his child through his example. This is the general and natural

result of the paternal pattern. It is always so, save when the paternal example is checked, or wholly stayed by other influences. It is natural that the child should be a new edition of the father; it is right that it should be so. This is the glory of paternity.

It is the father's business and duty to be a true father, to set a right example before his child, to write him a good life-copy. There is no necessity laid upon a father to swear, lie, cheat or steal; to be coarse, vulgar or irreverent; to break the Sabbath, the law or the peace; to be ungenerous, unkind or unchristian. On the contrary, there is the necessity of a moral obligation for him to be the reverse of all these. And just here presses upon us the solemn moral obligations of a father. He has brought into being spirits of an immortal mould, kindred with himself, which may be the heads of streams of countless thousands of human beings; and, upon the characters of these his offspring, he is daily impressing his own moral likeness. His faults, vices, weaknesses and immoral impulses, are all mingling in the characters of his children, to mar and make miserable their lives. Even his corrupt thoughts and vicious actions are embodying themselves in the spirits and lives of his descendants. Where will they end? When will they stop? Who can stop the swift-winged miasma of death that a father's bad example gives rise to in his children? It is true that children are sometimes better than their fathers, and sometimes worse. The very bad-

ness of the father sometimes disgusts the child, and makes him hate his father's vices, and love the virtues which they oppose. But these are exceptions. The rule is, that the father's example is imitated by the child. And this rule ought to come home to the hearts of all fathers, and touch them with an earnest realization of the paternal responsibility.

The example which a father among us is morally bound to set before his child is a Christian example. He lives in a Christian country, is surrounded by Christian institutions, is favored with Christian opportunities, and, when he assumes the paternal relation, he assumes the sponsorship of an immortal being. He has no moral right to become a father till he has determined to show his child a practical, personal illustration of a true life.

As to what a Christian example is, there need be no discussion. Men differ about Christian doctrines; but about a Christian life they all agree. Men subscribe to different creeds, and call them Christian; but all Christians conform to one spirit and abide by one internal law. Men profess to deny Christianity; but they do not deny a Christian life. There is but one opinion of a Christian life. It is Christian to be honest, industrious and kind; to revere God and love men; to subdue the animal and elevate the spiritual nature; to cherish Christ as a teacher, and abjure wicked men. I would not say that all fathers must believe my creed, profess my faith, or cherish my pe-

culiar religion, to show a Christian life; or that they shall subscribe to any, or be attached to any, church or any system of faith. These are not absolute necessities, but only helps to a Christian life. There are Christians in and out of all churches. The rule is, that when one becomes a Christian, he will wish to become attached to some church,—will long for an intimate association with kindred spirits. What I contend for is this, that the father should live a true life before his children. The father's offices may be summed up as follows: a ruler, a teacher, a protector and a provider.

I. As father, he is the head of authority over his children; he is, by virtue of his relation, their governor; and he cannot be a Christian father unless he sustains a Christian authority over his children. A family without law, is not a Christian family; a father without authority, is not a Christian father; children without obedience, are not Christian children. The primary idea of Christianity is obedience to, and reverence for, the proper authority; and this should be the primary idea of the family. Bedlam at home is death to home-happiness and usefulness. A father should rule with the sceptre of righteous authority. Solomon said, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." We would say, spare authority and spoil the child, which is our understanding of the wise man's meaning. The surest way to spoil a child is to let it go ungoverned; to teach it no ideas of obedience; but let

its impulses be its master. Moral character rests in obedience. Virtue is another name for obedience. Hence, a child can have no firm, reliable moral character till its soul is trained to active, practical obedience to an authority which it acknowledges just. The difference between authority and tyranny is this: authority strengthens moral principle and forms moral character; while tyranny breaks and ruins both. There was an old proverb among religious people that, "A child's spirit must be broken, or the child will be ruined." To me this has always appeared a proverb of tyranny. I would not *break*, but rather *make*, or *mould* a child's spirit; make it by teaching it obedience to the right. Obedience may in most instances be won from children. A calm, even-handed system of kind and gentle government, in which the persuasive power of love, directed by wisdom, mingles as the chief element, will, in most cases, secure a steady and happy obedience.

But, even in this mild and persuasive course, a strong and steady firmness must rule the ruler. There is no authority in a wavering mind, and none in a weak and volatile purpose. More parents ruin their authority by unsteadiness than in any other way. They do not govern themselves. There is no strong authority of principle that rules over them. If they cannot govern themselves, how can they govern their children? The Christian father's first duty is to govern himself; then he has within him the power by

which he may govern others. But here is a question: *Shall he use the rod?* "A rod for a fool's back," is the proverb. Are children to be treated as fools? Is there any moral principle in a rod? Any wisdom, virtue? My impressions and principles are all against the use of the rod, or similar modes of punishment, in the family government. It is my impression that a family may be governed as a school; and I know a rod in school subverts authority; hence I deem a rod in a family an evil. But there may be greater evils. Better use the rod wisely than have Bedlam at home. A government tempered even with tyranny is better than no government. But tyranny is an evil, is wrong. By being himself first swayed with Christian principles, a father may sway his children by a judicious application of them every day in his family. Love, steady, high, moral love, is the governing principle; not parental love,—there is no authority, no moral principle in that. It is a soft, sweet, yearning affection, which, left to itself, would spoil the child with indulgence. This love must be sanctified with religion, consecrated by moral principle, before it has any authority in it. This is the love of the Christian father; and, with this, he should rule his family. When he does, his children will grow up around him to spread blessings in his pathway, and pronounce benedictions on his head. Generation after generation will honor him, and the Redeemer's kingdom will grow brighter and wider by his authority.

II. The father is the natural teacher of his children; they look to him as the fountain of wisdom; he is their oracle. The child's first impression of his father is, that in him reside all power and knowledge. This places the father in the chair of universal science as professor of all knowledge and learning, and gives the *Christian* father the spiritual tutorship of his children. He is their natural priest; he ministers at their altar, preaches their sermons, expounds their views, and points out their road to virtue, happiness and heaven. The Christian father is to a certain extent responsible for the religious opinions and moral characters of his children. They are partly in his keeping. It is for him to teach them the truth, the way of life. If he does not, somebody else will. And they may not get properly instructed at the hands of others.

There are many fathers who fancy they must not instruct their children in religious knowledge, but let them grow up and get their religious principles as best they may. Most fatal error! Better neglect all other instructions. The wisdom of the world they will get in their life experiences. But who will tell them the wisdom of Christ? Who will instruct them in the Christian doctrines, principles, duties and joys? It is the Christian father's duty to teach his children what he deems Christian truths and principles. If he fails in this, others may teach them heathen errors. If he does not occupy their minds with Christ and

his principles, others may occupy them with Belial and his heresies. It is the worst possible exposure to leave their minds untaught religiously. What a Christian father believes he should teach his children to believe. What he deems sacred, he should teach his children to so regard. The God he worships he should teach his children to worship. He should take them to his altar, indoctrinate them with his theology, and imbue them with his religion. He ought not to believe what he would not teach to his children. Every day should he give them lessons. He should teach them of God, his paternal care; teach them, from ten thousand living witnesses in nature and providence, that they have a Father in heaven, who is too wise to err, and too good to do wrong, whom they ought to love with all their hearts and obey with all their wills; teach them the principles of God's moral government as developed in the Gospel of Christ,—the love with which they are so richly pregnant,—the moral beauty which clothes them in a halo of glory as light does the sun; teach them of Christ and his glorious life of divine goodness, and all that appertains to their spiritual life and final destiny. Thus will he open to them gradually and surely the flower of the spirit whose fruit is "eternal life;" and thus will they grow up into the vineyard of the Redeemer as indigenous plants in the Lord's garden.

III. The father is the natural protector of the child. Childhood is weak; it needs a protector mor-

ally as well as physically. The father is that protector. It is especially the Christian father's office to guard his child against the moral and religious evils to which it is exposed. Look out upon the world; how numerous are the noxious weeds of error and wickedness! Even the religious field abounds in hurtful tares. What dark, ominous foreboding sentiments are taught in high places in the church, as divine truth! How fearfully God is mistaught! How the divine beauty of his character is marred! And what awful results are attributed to his moral government! And, then, what principles of action are attributed to God and the Christian, as though both were supremely selfish! Against all these errors, it is the office of the Christian father to guard his child, and guard him as he would the apple of his eye. How many souls these errors have filled with darkness; in how many minds have they dethroned reason; and what fear, dismay and doubt, have they caused in countless thousands of hearts! Then the snares of vice are laid at every turn of the path, while the whole world is beset with false teachers, and deluded with false principles of action. Against all these the Christian father is to guard his child; and, if he secures him well, great will be his reward and joy in the Christian character and life of his offspring.

IV. The father is the natural provider for his child. The child looks to its father for a supply of its wants, as naturally as it does for instruction and

protection. The peculiar office of the Christian father is to provide for the spiritual wants of his children. Children have spiritual natures, which, if provided for in season, will develop in harmonious beauty, and will very early assume the Christian character and life. We are too apt to undervalue the importance of early religious training. It is as important to the health and happiness of the mind, as early care and training of the body are to its health and happiness.

Among the first things which a Christian father is to provide for his children is, proper home-instruction, home-lessons in the practical every-day walks of life, which relate to its duties, blessings and privileges. These lessons should be drawn from things and events familiar to the child. Stated moral or religious lessons from the Bible, or some good book, short and easy of attainment, over which the father should preside, are of great value. Papers and books adapted to their age and capacity are important to be provided for children.

The Christian father, who thus sustains faithfully and successfully the offices of his endearing relation, sows a harvest of Christian seed, the fruit of which will grow on a forest of trees, which will grow up in honor of Christ in all coming time, and along the green shores of the immortal country.

CHAPTER V.

THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

We are at a loss to know how to treat the subject of this chapter, so rich is it in holy remembrances. Let every reader who has or remembers a mother give us his heart. Let him go back and dwell with that mother, to receive again her blessings. Mother! We pity the man who can speak it without emotion, without a thousand kindling feelings of tenderness. To the great mass of men there is no word so sacred as mother. It carries them back to the fresh, warm fountains of being, to the rosy hours of childhood, the season of sweet innocence, when their mother was their guardian and priestess, when they went to her with every want and trial, and found in her their only changeless friend. They live over those seasons in memory. They see their mother in the bloom of life, giving her time and energies, mind and heart, to them. They see her in her delight as she presses upon them the caresses of maternal affection; as she rejoices in their health and joy, and developing charms and powers; as she watches them in sickness, sympathizes with them in sorrow, pities them in distress, wipes off their tears, and bids them be happy. They see her

in her trials, when life was dark and dreary; when want's grim face stared on her and her little ones; when poverty racked her frame with toil, or neglect chilled her soul, or vice invaded her home, or disappointment blighted her hopes, or sickness paralyzed her being, or dark intemperance cast its palsying cloud over her prospects; and with these awful hours come afresh her tears and toils, her doubts and prayers, and all the burden of woe that lay on her soul; and in them all they see the depth, and strength, and beauty, of a mother's love. As they look back in this retrospect of life, they learn what it is to be a mother; how great the energy of love necessary to bear her up under the toils and trials of maternity.

Not in childhood do we read a mother's soul; not in that joyous, careless season do we see the great picture of affection that is unrolling itself for us in a mother's heart. If we did, we should be better children. Had *we* known our mothers in childhood as we now know them, should we not have lived different lives? Should we not have sought to be what our mothers wished to have us, and have avoided a thousand evil things we have said and done?

An incident or two in the life of Rev. Mr. Soule illustrates well what we mean. His mother had been left a widow with several children, of which he was the eldest. He necessarily had many duties to perform, and less time to waste than boys who had a father to guide and support them. Some rude, idle boys took

advantage of his naturally confiding disposition, and, for a little while, succeeded in poisoning his mind with cruel and wicked thoughts against his mother, as though she was requiring too much at his hands. He tells the story himself. He says, "One day I saw my mother, after she had been seriously conversing with me about my waywardness and ingratitude, and pointing out to me the painful consequences of such a course of life, in a room alone weeping like a child. I knew it was on my account. She thought no one but God saw her. I gazed at her a few minutes, but the scene was too much for my heart; my eyes swam in tears; I turned and went away. But I was converted; I saw and felt that I had been shamefully abused by my companions; and my mother appeared to me again the angel she had been in my younger years. The history of those boys who thus seduced me into the paths of disobedience, has, in every case but one, been so bad that I can see no reason why I should not attribute my escape from ruin to the tears of my mother, shed in a secret place." So it is. Childhood does not know its mother. It was so in this case. A mother's tears, accidentally seen, revealed the secret of her love. That love saved the boy to become an honored and useful man. "Another incident," he says, "occurred either this or the following winter, that well-nigh blasted all the hopes my mother reposed in me. I went, as company, with a young man about two miles through the woods, to get some liquor

for his employer. When we went, there was a good, firm crust on the snow, which was deep, and the walking was firm; but, before we were in readiness to return, the weather had moderated very much, and the rain descended like a shower, which soon dissolved the incrusted surface of the snow, and this destroyed our highway. The labor of getting home was exhaustive in the extreme. We were completely saturated with rain before we proceeded far. My companion loved the intoxicating cup, and indulged his appetite pretty freely whenever the opportunity occurred. On this occasion he drank from the large stone jug, in which the liquor was contained, very frequently, at each time urging upon me the necessity of doing the same, if I would reach home without carrying with me the elements of a fatal sickness. He pressed me so hard that I finally consented. He held up the jug; I drank, strangled and swallowed, how much I don't know. My head soon grew dizzy; I got home somehow. I remember my mother's helping me into the door; but the dose was too much, and for several hours my life was despaired of. A few days afterwards I found some liquor in the house; my mother was absent; my drunken fit had excited a burning thirst for something that would intoxicate; and, as soon as I discovered the bottle of brandy, I felt unequal to the temptation, and drank of it freely. My mother returned and found me drunk again. She now thought my fate was sealed, my ruin inevitable. Her

feelings may be imagined. But she cured me of the folly, the sin. When I awoke the next morning, she was sitting at my bedside, with a candle still burning, reading from the Bible. Upon inquiry, I found she had spent the long night in watching over me. She reproached me never a word. She said she found me sick on her return; that I was not in my right mind, and she did not wish to leave me alone till I should be better. It was enough; I said nothing in reply, though I could scarcely control my feelings; but I resolved to drink no more. I never expressed this resolution to her. I ought to have done so, for it might have saved her from much pain; for I remember that she observed my conduct during several months with most anxious solicitude. But I drank no more, which, in time, gave her relief."

Thus was he again saved by the revealment of his mother's love, and saved to love and reverence that mother in the prime of his manhood. How many would be saved in a similar way, could they learn, as did he, the purity and strength of their mother's love! The most of us had to grow up before we learned what great love was in a mother's heart. O, that we could have learned it sooner! From how many evils it would have saved us! Profanity! We did not learn this irreverent and wicked habit from our mothers. Vulgarity! This came from another than a mother's lips. Irreverence for religion! This we learned in other than the maternal school. The mother's heart

is a religious shrine. "God bless and save my child!" is its ceaseless prayer. The enchanting cup of the destroyer! A mother's hand put it not to our lips; nor did she tell us to put it to our brother's lips. And who that has a proper knowledge of, or respect for, the mother that bore him, can do either without a shrinking back of his conscience?

A most pure, and sacred, and glorious thing is a mother's love. Its morality is high and holy. Its prayer is for virtue and goodness. Its aspiration is for a pure life and good name. It breathes its yearnings for a pure life around the infant prattler. It watches with sleepless vigilance the growing child. It sees that child enter upon its youth with a thousand solicitous anxieties. Its eye follows him in all its outgoings and incomings. His little aberrations from duty are wept over. His waywardness is his mother's misery. The great, burning wish of his mother's heart is that her child shall lead a virtuous and honorable life. I have seen it in all mothers with whose feelings I have been made acquainted. Once I saw a mother in a few minutes after she had learned that her little daughter, of eight years of age, had told a falsehood. I thought I had seen misery before, but never saw grief like that. It seemed as though the mother was bleeding on a rack of torture. The fear that her daughter might make a wicked woman had taken possession of her soul. And such fear! It shook her frame like an aspen leaf, and gave utter-

ance to such sobs of woe as are ringing in my ears yet. Once I heard a mother, who had reared eight children, say that she never knew one of them to tell a falsehood; and the joy that filled that mother's heart was as great as the misery that filled the other's. Once I saw a mother who had just learned that her only son had, for the first time, been led, by wicked or thoughtless companions, to drink from the intoxicating cup; and her features were wrought into an expression of such deep anxiety, that its picture hangs yet, and ever will, in the gallery of my soul. It is not a mother's labors, and toils, and sleepless nights, and weary watchings, and bountiful gifts, and unselfish sacrifices, that speak so eloquently of her great love, to my mind, as her great anxiety for her children's moral good. How often have I heard mothers say, in effect, "O, if I knew my children would make good men and women, ornaments to society, I could die in peace!" This characteristic of a mother's love has taught me to reverence maternity. It is a holy and a blessed thing to be a mother. The name is a charm. The relation is a living beauty. It is embodied holiness, — an oracle teaching the divinity of love. Show me a mother, and you show a shrine before which I can bow reverently. She may be weak and wicked in some things, but in love she is holy. And, I confess it freely, my reader, this feeling has been one of the greatest blessings of my life. A little before I reached my majority, I learned the story of my

mother's love. It has been a divine poem to me ever since, every time I think of her who bore me. If I am anything good I owe it to maternal affection. It was my strength and inspiration in that weakest of all periods when a boy would be a man, but is not. I doubted and hesitated before every obstacle; but my mother was all faith and strength for me. Is this not the experience of many of you, my brother readers? And what a thought is this to guard us against evil! Who would pierce his mother's soul with an immoral act, or bring her gray hairs down to the grave by a life of folly or wickedness? He who is wicked has forgotten his mother's love. Women may differ in other things, but the mother is about the same in all. I have spoken thus far of the natural mother. I was to speak of the *Christian mother* and her duties.

The Christian mother is made out of the natural mother. When the nature and character of the natural mother become imbued and swayed with Christian principles, she becomes a *Christian mother*. It is then that her influence becomes most beautiful, and her life and character most lovely and excellent. The great influence of a mother, and the intimate and endearing relation she sustains to her children, make it all-important that every mother be a Christian mother.

The offices of the natural mother are clear; and

the offices of the Christian mother will be developed in considering these.

1. The natural mother *feeds* her children. At first she supplies them from her own breast; then with her hand she prepares their daily food. By thus supplying them with wholesome and nutricious aliment, in its proper quantities, and at its proper times, she nourishes their young frames into beauty and strength, and pours along the channels of life within them the warm, strong currents of manhood and womanhood.

The *Christian mother's* office is deeper and higher than this. She feeds their minds; she prepares aliment for their souls; she gives nourishment for their hearts. Her children come into her hands with minds as weak as their bodies, and they require as much care and nourishment. If neglected, their minds pine and become sickly as soon as their bodies. Mind grows by a process similar to that by which the body puts on its strength and beauty. It extracts strength from its nourishment. It instils beauty from its food. Feed it with what you will, and it will partake of it freely. Its appetite is keener and more unsatisfiable than that of the body; and, hence, its food should be chosen with more care and watchfulness. The body will eat to satiety, and be satisfied for a season; but not so with the mind, — its hunger is constant. Its desire knows no satiety or surfeit, if it can have such a variety as its tastes crave. And something it must

and will have; if not supplied with good food, it will supply itself with bad. Its senses all communicate with outward things. They are open avenues to treasures which the mind craves. Nothing is so greedy as a child's mind. Eyes, ears, hands and feet, are made its servants. The mind, then, should be well fed, and its food of the choicest kind. Everything contains a lesson for the child's mind. The food it eats, the clothes it wears, the house in which it lives, the furniture at which it looks every day. The history of any one of them would be a volume, and from the volume rich moral lessons would flow. Now, the Christian mother should study for this mental food, and these moral lessons. Is she particular about the kind and quality of bodily food she gives to her child? She should be more so about his mental and moral food. Is she watchful that it never hungers or thirsts? More so should she be that its mental wants are cared for.

Just here is where mothers are at fault. They spend many hours every day to *feed* their children, but deem it time lost that is spent in *instructing* them. Very early and very constantly do children need this attention. Who can see children enjoying a mental feast, and not wish to see it again? How their faces brighten with delight! If they are well cared for, mentally and morally, when they are young, they will be but little trouble when they are older. "Just as the twig is bent the tree 's inclined."

How plain is it that *mother* is another word for *teacher!* She commences with the alphabet of instruction; she gives its rudimental lessons; she plants the seeds of her child's moral and intellectual life; she gives shape and form to its spiritual growth; her words, her thoughts, her looks, strike into its young soul. If every day she will breathe into its receiving spirit lessons of good, beauty and truth; if every day she will tax its young powers of thought to grasp some new idea of duty or love; or impress upon it a constantly instructing, inspiring influence; if every day she will lead it into green pastures, and by the side of still waters, and tell it something of God, and heaven and love, and wake up its young soul to pleasant imaginings and delightful anticipations, how surely she will give the twig an erect position, and point its little spire heavenward!

I have great confidence in early impressions. Though they may seem all erased for a season, they are not lost, and cannot be. They are in the bottom of the mental treasure-house, and, like leaven, will silently send up their influence through the whole.

Some author has given an incident in his own life most touching and instructive. His wife had just laid upon their pillow of rest her two little boys; repeated to them sentence by sentence that beautiful prayer, which our Lord taught his apostles, "Our Father, who art in heaven;" received and gave their usual parting kiss, and their sweet "good-night," and

turned away from their little bed, and fixed upon her husband a most affectionate look, as much as to ask, "What are your thoughts?" He had witnessed the scene, heard the prayer, the kiss and the farewell, and answered her in these words:

"Far back through many years have my thoughts been wandering. At my mother's knee, thus said I nightly, in my childhood, my evening prayer. It was the best and holiest of all prayers, 'Our Father,' that she taught me. Childhood and my mother passed away. I went forth as a man into the world, strong, confident and self-seeking. Once I came into a great temptation. Had I fallen in that temptation, I would have fallen, I sadly fear, never to rise again. The struggle in my mind went on for hours; I was about yielding. All the barriers I could oppose to the in-rushing flood were ineffectual, when, as I sat in my room one evening, there came from an adjoining chamber, now first occupied for many weeks, the murmur of a low voice. I listened. At first no articulate sound was heard; yet something in the tone stirred my heart to new and strange emotion. At length there came to my ears, in the earnest and loving voice of a woman, the words, 'Deliver us from evil.' For an instant it seemed to me as if the voice were that of my mother. Back with a sudden bound, through all the intervening years, went my thoughts; and a child in heart again I was kneeling at my mother's knee. Humbly and reverently I said over the

words of the holy prayer which she had taught me, my heart and eyes uplifted to heaven. The hour and the power of darkness had passed. I was no longer standing in slippery places, with a flood of waters ready to sweep me to destruction; but my feet were on a rock. My mother's pious care had saved her son. In the holy words she taught me in childhood, was a living power to resist evil through all my after life. Ah! that unknown mother, as she taught her child to repeat his evening prayer, how little dreamed she that the holy words were to reach a stranger's ear, and save him through the memories of his own childhood and his own mother! And yet it was so. What a power there is in God's word, as it flows into and rests in the minds of innocent children!"

Mr. Green, the reformed gambler, says, when he was about four years old, his mother called him to her dying bed, and, under the solemn circumstances of that trying hour, asked him to promise his dying mother that he would never use, as a beverage, the intoxicating draught. With a breaking heart and a quivering lip, he promised; and, although his life was much of it passed in the dens of drunkenness and with drunken companions, he kept sacredly that early promise. He further says that, if she had added gambling, he never should have been a gambler.

Shall I be excused for relating an incident in my own life? I cannot well withhold it. Among the earliest things I remember was, my mother's impress-

ing me with the idea that it was awfully wicked to *swear*. And although, from the age of eight to twenty-one years, nearly all my most intimate playfellows and schoolmates were profane as boys can well be, I never took an oath in all my life. Nor can I hear one now without a shudder.

So it is; early impressions are strong and very lasting, and, when good, can never be outgrown. Mothers do not sufficiently appreciate this fact. They ought to use all their influence and authority over their children to impress them with true ideas of duty and religion. To do this, they should be taught to lisp the name of God in prayer as soon as they have any idea of God; to reverence his holy name, and associate it with the idea of a mother's love and care. So full of thoughts of God should a mother's life be, that the child will ever associate the idea of God with the thoughts of mother. Let sceptics deny it as they will, the idea of God deeply impressed upon a young mind is its best safeguard against evil, and its richest inspiration for good. The great and good John Q. Adams said, not long before he died, that as soon as he could learn to repeat anything, his mother taught him to repeat every night after he went to bed this little prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
And should I die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

And he further adds, that he never knew when to stop

saying that little prayer; and so every night of his life had repeated it with as much earnestness and fervor as when a little boy he said it from his mother's lips. Who can tell but the best influences of his great life were due to his mother's Christian teachings? Such an example should inspire all mothers to duty. But I must not tarry here.

II. The second office of the natural mother is to clothe her children in the garments of comfort and beauty. They come unclothed into her arms; their necessities call her to this duty. Hence, all enlightened mothers, like the mother in the Scriptures, have made "little coats" for their children. The office of the *Christian* mother corresponding to this, is to make "little coats" for her children's minds. Their souls come into the mother's arms as naked as their bodies; and the necessity for clothing for them is as great as that which demands clothing for their bodies. An unclothed soul is infinitely more in need than an unclothed body; and the cold winds of the world pierce it through with a keener dart, and men turn away from it with a greater disgust. If children were left to sew fig-leaves together to make themselves aprons, and weave grasses and fibres of bark into cloth to make themselves coats, how little comfort or adornment would their garments afford them; and to what assaults of wind and weather would their tender forms be exposed! As well may they be thus left to clothe their bodies as to let them grow up to

clothe their minds as best they may. The spirit of a child uncared-for, unclothed by the kind care of a mother, unadorned by her loving taste! How neglected, tattered, beggared, woe-begone it is! No garments of love protect and warm its body; no crown of wisdom covers its head; no sandals of virtue guard its feet; no robe of purity adorns its sweet young form. If there is anything that saddens my heart more than aught else, it is to see little children for whose minds no garments are made, no protection given, no provision afforded; but who are left all exposed to the profanity, wickedness, vice and brutality of a cold, coarse world. We have no objects of pity that call more loudly for our commiseration. O, mother! see to it that every day you weave garments of virtue for your children. Let no day pass without putting some new garment upon their young spirits; some fresh adornment, some gem of wisdom, some grace that shall make them lovelier. Dress their spirits better than their bodies. Their outside garments will wear out; but the garments of virtue with which you clothe their spirits will never wear out. They may rend and soil them somewhat, but they can never lay them off, or wholly destroy them. Be industrious, O, Christian mother, in clothing the spirits of your children; for thus will you be blessed in them; thus will you give them to the world and to God, as beautiful offerings of your love and care; thus will they be filled with the spirit of filial love

and gratitude, and ever cherish the name and memory of their mother as the dearest and sweetest treasure of their hearts.

III. The third office of the natural mother is, to nurse and watch by the bed of sickness, and guard her children against disease. And a beautiful office it is, expressing as strongly as any other the maternal love and constancy. O, how touching to see a mother bending over her sick child! See her features! How full of anxiety, how expressive of pity, how benignant and kind, how burdened with the soul of the mother! The golden gate will never be closed against a mother; all mothers will be there; and what a congregation! How shining in their deathless love! God is a Father. Not a father or mother will he keep forever out of his great parental home.

The Christian mother's corresponding office is to nurse and guard her children's *minds* against disease. How liable they are to sickness! A thousand contagious diseases are all about them; wicked words are floating on every gale; vicious thoughts, like insects at night, have wings, and gather around the lights lit in every child's mind; corrupting examples are all about; miasmas are rising from every stagnant pool in society to fever their imaginations and make morbid their affections; stimulating poisons are poured every day before their eyes, to excite foul desires and wicked ambitions. Who can tell how many are the diseases to which every mother's child

is exposed? They are as numerous as the demons of old; their name is legion. Here is the mother's most difficult task; here the best nerves of her soul will be tried to their utmost; here she must shed her tears and bring the best sacrifices of her heart. O, closely she must watch her children's habits! The very buds of wrong must be nipped; the first coarse word must be corrected; the first intimation of unkindness must be checked; the first faint tendency to equivocation or deception must be taken in hand; the little blades of selfishness must be plucked up, and seeds of honor and goodness planted in their stead; the slightest inklings of waywardness must be rubbed out; wrong must be taken in its start; evil habits must not be suffered to get their iron bands locked around the young soul of the child. Teach children early the evil of evil, and the wrong of wrong. They must not be left to find out evil by experience. Tell a child about the small-pox, and he will keep away from it; tell him about intemperance, and tell it to him every day till his soul is disgusted with it, and he will never drain its cup. How seldom is a drunken child reared in a thorough-going temperance family! Tell a child the wretchedness of dishonesty, and he will hate it. Inspire children's prejudices against all wrong; prejudice is right in its place; so is hate; but both should be turned against wrong. But, even with all this guarding, many diseases will creep into the child's mind; he will have some soul-sicknesses. Then the

Christian mother must keep her vigils at his side, and administer to him, as best she can, the cordials of Christian principles. She must be patient, persevering, earnest and hopeful. By thus performing her duty, she will have the blessed privilege of seeing her children grow up ornaments and blessings in her household, shrines of Christian devotion and usefulness in the world, and youthful inhabitants of the Redeemer's kingdom.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CHRISTIAN CHILD.

I HAVE before me a pleasing task. I love to think, speak and write of children. They are to me the blossoms on life's great prairie, the birds that carol in our domestic atmosphere. I love their merry prattle, their jubilee notes of sport, their laughing eyes, and blossoming faces. I love their parrot mimicry, their sage experimenting and aspiring efforts. I love their eagerness for knowledge, their thirst for wisdom, their anxious solicitude to be men and women. But most of all do I love their pure friendship and artless love. It is a sweet thing to enjoy a child's love. It is so spontaneous, full and free, so outspoken and confiding, so natural and tender, that it constantly reminds one of the loves of heaven. To enjoy, once in one's life, the pure gushing of a child's friendship is to taste of a sweetness never to be forgotten. The memories of such an enjoyment linger around one's heart like dreamy soliloquies of a past existence in some abode of purity and beauty. To lose them would be to lose islands from the sea, oases from the desert. They are types of what all friend-

ship should be; symbols of what it will be. The Elder Brother in the family of the Father loved children, and rebuked his disciples for attempting to keep them from coming near him. "Let them come," said the spirit within him; "they are flowers of heaven sown on earth. They bear the fragrance of the skies. The beauty of my kingdom sparkles within them, and the love of my Father's home breathes from their pure young hearts."

What a pleasing testimony is this to the original purity and beauty of human nature, as it exists in every child! And this is why a child is so lovely a thing; it exhibits our nature in its primal beauty, not marred and depraved, but pure and beautiful. It shows us what we should be,— innocent, confiding, teachable, happy. Such we were at the beginning; such we should have continued to be; and such, through trial, suffering and redemption, we shall be; for "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Human nature is the most perfect and beautiful of all the works of creation. I look upon the earth, dressed in its flowery robe of living green, with its watery wastes, fountains of dews and rains, of freshness and life, wrapped in the vesture of the soft, yielding air, swung in the depths of ethereal space, and bathed in the mingling floods of heavenly light; and then up to the courts above, where star shines to star, sun blazes to sun, and world balances and swings to world, and where systems repeat to systems the grand anthem of

divine and universal harmony; and in all the magnificent scene, I see nothing to compare with the beauty, perfectness and moral grandeur, which I discover in human nature. All this material scene is but the homestead, the play-ground, the workshop and schoolhouse, of human nature. This is the first creation; human nature the last. When we see human nature in its primal, simple, natural beauty, in childhood, why should it not appear interesting to us? Why should we not love a child? And why should not its first love be to us a thing to be coveted? Then, again, childhood brings back to us so many rosy remembrances, of sweet friendship, of innocent pleasure, of artless gladness, of early efforts, of trials in strength, in mind, in moral effort, of new scenes and wonderful experiments, of parental kindness and instruction, of homestead scenes and times, that the very sight of a child ought to call from us blessings on its head, for recalling these sweet lights of the past. Children help to keep alive our own childhood. They will not let us forget that we were once children. They are reliving our lives before our eyes. Sad, sad, it is for a man when he forgets he was once a child. He becomes petrified, — a rock, cold, hard, unyielding. I have often thought how cold and cheerless our world would be without children. Its still and solemn cities would seem like a perpetual funeral all over the earth. And the slow hum of business, and hushed voices, would seem as though

men were everywhere "beating funeral marches to the grave." The laugh and shout of childhood are the key-notes of the grand song of human joy.

A faint idea of a world without children may be seen in a Shaker village. A few times in my life have I passed through such a living grave-yard. The stiff, logical order of everything seemed tedious. The solemn silence was oppressive. The staid gravity of matron faces was fearful. All was regularity, goodness, mathematical order, truthfulness and peace. But nature's gayety was not there. The human bird-song was not heard. The frolic of little feet, hands and hearts, was absent. And such an absence! It was awful! Enlarge this Shaker solemnity, and let it cover the world, and I doubt not the sun would hate to rise on a scene so doleful, and angels would look earthward with tearful eyes.

Then, heaven! Are there to be no children in heaven? Tell it not. It is not so. Heaven's rosy bowers ring with childhood's laughter. Angels' hearts and hands delight in children's little doings. One half of the children of earth go from their human parents in infancy. Where do they go? "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Go there, how? Why, as children, — innocent, beautiful, teachable, as here. Who takes care of them, and brings them up into the knowledge and spiritual stature of manhood? Angels, or human mothers and fathers made angels. We complain, sometimes, that so many of our children are taken

from us. How often do we see parents' hearts breaking in the loss of darling children! But how else shall heaven have children to delight and employ its inhabitants? How else shall its soft, balmy airs ring with childhood's innocent merriment? And how else shall parents who are called from their children below find children to engage their parental affections above? Yes; one half of human children are taken to heaven in infancy, so that heaven shall have as many children as earth. And is it not well that it is so? Human parents often have more left to them than they take good care of. And sometimes I have thought that it would be mercy to many of the dear little creatures that are left, if they were taken up in angels' arms. But, looking at it as a whole, it seems to my mind wise and good that God has divided the children about equally between earth and heaven. I know not how it is with you, my reader, but this is my faith. And I find it pleasant to think that the little ones gone are cared for; that parents gone have children still about them; that there is infinite wisdom and goodness in that infantile frailty which holds the infant spirit by such feeble tenure; and that, when I shall be called from the enjoyment of childhood's gladness and love on earth, I shall go up to their more blessed and pure reality above.

Again; I have often thought how much children advance the interests of civilization, improvement, general progress in the arts of life, and in human

culture. Men are so short-sighted with respect to their own good, so pressed with indolence, and the love of ease, and so "drawn aside with their own lusts, and enticed," that they would do, in my humble opinion, but very little for personal comfort and improvement, and still less for general good, were it not for the love that they bear their children, — for their deep and constant desire to do a parent's duty to them. Their children must be fed and clothed, cared for and educated. To do it requires industry, prudence, foresight, and all the domestic virtues, and a constant use of the intellectual powers of the parent. This parent-training is the very best school that most men ever have. They get more useful lessons in it, more moral culture, more good habits, more restraint, more sharpening and spurring of their energies, than in almost any other school of life. I grant that many parents do not get the culture they ought in it, and might, if they would use more judgment and energy. I grant that some parents seem to sink under the parental labors and duties, to lose the energies and aspirations they before possessed. But the general fact is contrary to this. The parental duties bring energy, skill, prudence, culture and general improvement. The birth of a child in a family is a good omen. It is sent as a teacher. It has a great moral mission. It must be guarded with *care*. It must be managed with *prudence*. It must be nurtured with *tenderness*. It must be provided for with *diligence*. It

must be reared with unselfish *love.* It must be educated with *judgment,* and trained with *moral rectitude.* And this care, prudence, tenderness, diligence, love, judgment and rectitude, are so many virtues which the little child is every day impressing upon the hearts of its parents with a steadily increasing force. We may attend schools and colleges, study books and sciences, write and teach, make, build and do as we will for our own culture, still, beyond and above all this grand system of education is the parental school, teaching what is not taught elsewhere to the great body of students, subduing, inspiring, enforcing the soul, and ringing into it, through trials and fears, lessons which it would not otherwise learn, and lessons which are absolutely necessary to its highest good. I grant that the parental school is a hard one, the hardest, perhaps, in which men learn the lessons of humanity and progress. Its difficulties are many and great. But they are the steps in the ladder of human improvement. It takes trials to subdue our selfishness. Bitter experiences are often the most instructive. Severe labors replenish us most with strength. I know not how it is with you, my readers, but for myself I can say that I look upon children as affording and enforcing greater incentives to action and virtue, to progress in the arts of life, mental culture, and moral good, than any other one influence that is brought to bear generally upon the great masses of humanity. Children are teachers, all

men's teachers; shall I say our best teachers? It would not be far from the truth to say it.

To my mind, the end of human existence is mental progress and spiritual growth. To this end trial, responsibility, care, anxiety, are as useful as pleasure and joy, and generally far more so. Children are thus useful and pleasant in the great economy of the natural arrangement of the parental and filial relations. If so, how much more useful and pleasant they may be by sanctifying this natural relation by the beauty and piety of the *Christian* relation! A Christian child is one of the most beautiful beings in existence. In the tender age of childhood, the affections are all natural and spontaneous, as well as pure and free. They flow into the Christian channel as naturally as water into the lowest places. And then it is easy to baptize their young spirits in the holy fountain.

I. The first Christian work of a child is to honor its father and mother. To them the child owes its existence; from them it received the care and attention necessary to its very existence in its tender years; they have loved it and watched over it with a solicitude nowhere known except in the parent heart. And now it becomes the child to honor them in return. This honor is natural in the child's heart. To a young child all wisdom, strength and love, reside in its parent. The parent is its first God,—is to it what God is to the man; and a kind of reverence springs up in the child, which, when it becomes a man, is the

piety felt towards the Father in heaven. To honor our parents is to love them, and not only love but obey them. How can a child help loving its parents? It is said God first loved us, and so we should love him. So parents first loved the child, and the child should love them in return. This is natural. Love begets love. But children sometimes think they do not see nor feel their parents' love. How is this? Do they not see and feel the food they eat, and the clothes they wear; the house they live in and the protection they enjoy; the books they read, and the schools they attend? Do they not see their parents' daily toils and nightly vigils; their wearied bodies and anxious countenances? All these are but voices of parental love. The good child will surely love its parents, ay, and *obey* them, too. There can be no honor without obedience; no, nor love either. The disobedient child cannot be a Christian child; and the obedient child is a Christian child so far as obedience is concerned. The child that loves its parents is a Christian child so far. Love is the Christian principle, and every child that loves everybody is a full Christian child. A little girl was once asked why everybody loved her? After a little hesitation, she answered, "I do not know, unless it is because I love everybody." She answered truly. She was a Christian child; she was full of love. Christ loved everybody, and suffered and died to do everybody good. The child which thus loves and does good to every-

body, is a little Christian, an evangel of love and peace. Its voice and life are for righteousness. It is easy for any child to be a Christian child. Let it first love its parents and obey them, and then love its associates and do them good, and it is a Christian in principle. The first letter in the Christian alphabet is to honor, that is, love and obey, our parents.

II. Out of this love for all of which I have treated grows a most beautiful Christian principle,— I mean *self-denial.* Children are apt to be selfish; to wish to supply self at the expense or neglect of others. A few days ago, a very little girl had been presented with an orange. She had just begun to eat it, and was enjoying it finely, when a couple of friends came in. She got a knife, divided her orange in the middle, and gave a half to each of her friends, feeling that she should enjoy it more to see her friends eat it than to eat it herself. This, to my mind, was spontaneous Christian love, and produced that beautiful fruit of which I am speaking,— self-denial. Where there is true love, there will be self-denial; and, where there is self-denial, there can be no angry feelings, no hard words, no ill-will. It is selfish to be angry; it is wicked, too. The Christian child will conquer its temper, and speak kind words, and do good offices. Then it will show that love rules its heart.

III. Thus will be exhibited another beautiful trait in a child's character,— I mean tenderness, sympathy. All cruelty is wicked. Kindness is the fruit

of Christian love. At a place where I once lived, there was a little girl eight years old. One cold winter night she came home from school with her eyes red and tearful. Her mother asked if she had been crying. She timidly said she had. "And what has my girl done that she should come home from school with such swollen eyes?" asked the mother. She hesitated about telling. "You must conceal nothing from your mother," earnestly pressed the woman. "It was nothing bad, it certainly was nothing bad," said the little girl, almost at the crying point; "I need not tell, if it was nothing bad, mother." And so the mother let it pass. The next morning, the little girl, not feeling easy about keeping it from her mother, came to her and told her that, as she came from school the night before, she saw a dog by a store-door so cold that it was trembling all over like a leaf, and crying to get in. The doors on the street were all shut. She felt so badly, and cried so hard about it after she passed, that she could not go home, and so turned back and tried the doors till she found one that she could open, and then called the dog and got it in where it could warm itself. She hesitated about telling the night before, for fear of being laughed at.

This was sympathy. This little girl could not see suffering without giving it a tear and a helping hand. In her natural mood she was love and tenderness; and in this she was Christian. Christ was full of sympathy; all children should be like Christ; they should

not be cruel nor unkind. A kind and tender child is more beautiful than a flower or a picture. How often have I seen cruel children; and how unhappy they made their homes and associates! No cruel child can honor its parents. They love it; it must love them to honor them.

IV. Again; the Christian child must be honest. Children are naturally honest; they have to *learn* to deceive. One of the principles of Christ is honesty. Honesty is a beautiful ornament to any character; in a child, O, how beautiful! All men admire honesty, and love honest children. When children exhibit this virtue, what blessings they are to their parents! You have all, perhaps, read the accounts of Knud Iverson, the brave and honest little boy who would not steal fruit for his wicked companions. They ducked him in the water, to make him do it, till they drowned him. What a blessing was he to his parents; what a blessing to his family, his school and his church,—for he belonged to a church, though only ten years old,—such a beautiful Christian character had he exhibited; and how that character shines through the world! Fathers and mothers all over Christendom have read the story of his beautiful life and tragic death, and wept; and have felt a renewal of Christian strength within them. Strangers are about to erect a costly monument to his memory. He is a Christian hero and martyr; his name stands where it should stand among the beautiful departed. Though a child, he

was a Christian; a blessing to the parents who bore and nurtured him, and an ornament to the world he has left. Let all children see in him how beautiful is honesty, how lovely is a Christian life.

V. Children should have faith and trust in God; they should learn this from their confidence in their parents. I know a little girl who has such confidence in her father, that she will jump from any height where he may place her, when he stands below to catch her. She has not the first fear that he will fail; she confides in his love and strength. So should children confide in their Father in heaven. He is good, and strong, and ever loves and cares for them. They should think much of his goodness, thank him often for his care, and love him always with fervent hearts. It was God who gave them being, who formed their elastic bodies, and conferred their subtle and artful minds. He made the beautiful earth, and stretched around it the starry firmament. Day and night, summer and winter, life and death, come by his wise appointment. How proper it is that children should love and trust him; that they should pray to him and have faith in Christ, who teaches and has shown by his resurrection that God has prepared for all a life and home beyond the shadow of death!

I should like to write a word, ere I close, of Sabbath-schools, as an efficient means of imbuing children's minds with Christian principles. Children learn by the little, like the constant dropping that

wears the stone. They do not grasp a great principle, and from that draw deductions that lead into the great field of general truth. They get as they go; and, to have them grow to be Christian men and women, they should go as much as possible in the way of Christian influences. No place is more rich in such influences to them than the Sabbath-school. It is *their* school, *their* place and mode of worship, *their* way of doing religious duty; and hence it is dear to them. The worship, the books, the instructions, are adapted to their capacities, and they soon get interested in them. If the day-school is the most efficient place to train their minds in science and develop their capacities for thought, then is the Sunday-school the best place to train their minds in religion and develop within them the spirit of piety and morality. It is the constant dropping of sacred influence here that blesses them chiefly. The instruction is all of love and duty, and all given in love. The lessons are all bearing upon the conscience and affections; the books appeal all the time to some good feeling or principle; and every thought of the Sabbath-school is a check against waywardness, and an inspiration for good.

Let all children be faithful Sabbath-school scholars from the age of four years to twenty-one, and crime will be scarcely known, and unchristian men and women few indeed. They would, during that whole period, be drinking in the sweet waters of Christian truth and love, and growing more and more into the

spirit of our divine religion. If this were so, how many children would grow up in Christianity as a birthright, grow up in the true spiritual church without remembering the time when they were not in it. They would then grow into religion as naturally as into manhood; and, at home and abroad, in private and in public life, live and breathe its spirit. Then, indeed, would religion become a life, and children be rich blessings and efficient helps in a Christian home. O! if the power were mine I would speak every child in this great world into the Sunday-school, and have them there every Sunday till manhood was put on, and then I would keep them there as teachers till their souls were full of Christ. Thus would the world be filled with Christ by that natural, rational and easy process by which the mind grows to perfection, and the soul to the divine image. Then would children honor their parents and make every household an altar, around which would be gathered the dear children of our Father, and from which would ascend the precious incense of devotion and love.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHER.

Of all the associations formed among men by divine authority, the family stands first, and most important. This is not simply a gregarious association. Men do not form families as birds form flocks, or as sheep form herds, simply for company. They do it in answer to a spiritual want; in compliance with a divine law. It is on the ground of mutual esteem and benefit. It originates in spiritual affinity. The family is the first and natural compound of these elements. The union is what philosophy calls a chemical union. Gregarious associations are "chemical mixtures;" family associations are "chemical unions." Families thus become the little fountains on the hill-tops and mountain-sides of the human world, pouring out, with a steady profusion, the rivulets of life, to increase by new unions and little tributaries, till the great streams of humanity are formed to bear their floods on, and ever on, to the bosom of the eternal ocean.

In the family are formed the domestic relations; among the first of these is fraternity. Brotherhood

grows on the family tree. It is based in kindredness of blood, nature, and origin. A brother may see himself in his brother if he will look closely. The same blood courses their veins. The same elements form their beings. The same forces fashioned their spirits. Kindred feelings glow in both bosoms. To study each other they have but to study themselves. Thus may they learn who and what is a brother. And it is knowledge of infinite importance; greater than the knowledge of all material things. It is well to understand the physical sciences, to be acquainted with the physical kingdoms of nature, to be able to read the laws written by the finger of God in the infinite statute-book of his grand and glorious material universe. It is well with Audubon to go into the forests and study the living birds as they flit among the branches of the trees; to go into the fields with Linnæus, and number, classify and analyze, the plants, and flowers, and trees, that clothe and adorn our beautiful earth; to go with Miller down among the imbedded rocks that lie in successive strata, like so many leaves in a printed book below us, and read the history of our old earth; with Cuvier to go among the tombs of departed generations of animals, and call their dead forms from their long sleep to come stalking around him like a million ghosts from the vasty deeps of the past; with Humboldt to scale the mountains, and cross the zones, to learn the geography and philosophy of the earth; and with Nichol to ascend

to the worlds above, and learn the mystic lore of the skies. But when we have learned all this, when we have read the grand book of nature through and through, and lumbered up the store-house of memory with incalculable stores of information, we have not acquired knowledge one half so important as to understand the relation of brotherhood.

Brotherhood is an eternal fact, a relation which shall know no end. The earth shall pass away; the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll; material grandeur and glory shall fade and depart like sunset beauty; but brotherhood shall live on, and on, and still on, when our material universe shall be numbered with things that were, and other suns and worlds shall circle in a new firmament. Brotherhood is one of the eternal facts of spiritual existence, on which is based the moral government of men and angels; a fact for the study of free moral intelligences, to learn which is to realize heaven. To give us the best possible opportunity to study and learn this beautiful and eternal relation, it is made to have its origin in our families. It is born within us. We grow up with it and in it. Our brothers and sisters are our childhood companions. Hand in hand we come up with them to life's manhood; and heart in heart we journey with them to the grave; and my faith says, soul in soul we shall live with them in heaven. If, then, in early life we are properly impressed with this beautiful relation, and grow up with an

increasing knowledge of its importance and use, how blessed we are with some of the elements of eternal progress and happiness!

Much depends upon starting right in life. I speak with reference to spiritual things. If children learn fraternity they learn the blessed truth; that is, if they learn the rights, privileges, duties and love of fraternity. To be a brother is to inherit an angel's privilege, — the privilege of loving and being loved, — the privilege of blessing and being blessed. It has passed into a proverb, that children reared with brothers and sisters are less selfish and more generous, affectionate and noble-hearted, than those reared alone. The reason of it is easily understood. A lone child feels not the pressure and glow of brotherhood, the discipline of the fraternal relation. Brother and sister children live more or less for each other; they divide their sorrows, and unite their joys. They share each other's life. They live mutually. They call out each other's hearts. They draw upon each other's funds of wisdom and goodness. They tax and retax each other. Thus they sow the seeds of fraternity; begin to live the true life of the soul; learn to bear and forbear, yield and forgive, persuade and encourage, assist and do for, bless and care for, each other. In the very nursery of life they begin to learn Christian virtues, and live by Christian principles. If, now, the principles of Christian brotherhood can be brought to bear upon the relation, if their

young minds can be taught what the Elder Brother has done for them in the world, — how he lived and labored for his brothers and sisters in the great family, how he loved them and blessed them with his kindly ministrations, how he encouraged the weak, pitied the sick, sorrowed with the disappointed and bereaved, and spoke kindly to the wayward, — they will be taught a great lesson in Christian brotherhood.

Brotherhood is natural. Christian brotherhood is natural brotherhood Christianized. It is natural love sanctified by religion. To Christianize brotherhood it is necessary to receive Christ into the heart. Christ should be the study of the Christian brother. Christ should be his guide. To relive the life of Christ would be to live the perfect Christian brother. Children may be led to live the principles of Christian brotherhood quite young. With proper training they may be taught to apply divine principles to their every-day life. Let the nursery air be pregnant with Christian love, and musical with Christian words; let Christ be a household word as common as father or mother, yet always reverently spoken; let his life be an every-day story understood to be divine; let the school be constantly impressing Christian lessons, and these lessons attributed to Christ to keep strong the idea of their divine origin; and let parents, teachers and older associates, exhibit, at all times, a deep reverence for Christ and his teachers, and the children will soon fall into the habit of making Christ the example,

and of living pretty closely to his precepts. How soon they will be offering their daily prayers, drinking in their daily lessons of divine truth, and growing into the habitude of a Christian life! When a brother is thus imbued with Christ, with his principles and spirit, what may he not do for his brothers and sisters? How beautiful and instructive may be his life to them, and how bright and strong his example!

It would be pleasant and profitable, perhaps, to notice some of the offices of such a brother in his family.

1. He is a teacher, not exactly by virtue of his office, but by virtue of his own wisdom and love. His life is a lesson of wisdom and practical obedience to Christian authority and principle. Being on terms of equality with his brothers and sisters, having with them a mutuality of interest, pleasure, duty and life, he is fitted to be their teacher in many things, as no one else is. With them in the family, he may bear somewhat the relation of Christ in the great family. With unpretending wisdom he may *show* them how to live; and when they do not do as he shows them, he may kindly tell them of their wrong; not as a set moral lecture, or a sermon on duty, but as every-day talk, the pleasant suggestion, the brotherly advice. When a *brother* tells us we do wrong, it comes to us with another force than from other people. Even a parent cannot, in some things, go to the heart of his child as can his brother. The idea of brother is so

removed from selfishness, that his suggestions affect us more lovingly than many other people's who are very near us. Brother is an unselfish word. A brother is one of our own nature, one who understands our feelings, whose sympathies are with us, and who seeks our good. When we err from too warm impulses, or too hasty decisions, a brother looking coolly on, yet warmly interested, whose desire is not to see any wrong in us, may kindly remind us of our fault or mistake, and it comes to us like the decision of our own judgment in cooler and calmer moments. We receive kindly what he says, because he is a brother, and give respect to his admonition. A brother is often an instructor when no one else can be. But a brother, to be a teacher, must be a Christian. When a brother attempts to instruct us fretfully, arrogantly, or tauntingly, or in any other way than with Christianlike feeling, we cannot well bear it, and would sooner receive it from anybody else than a brother. We can receive less or more from a brother than from a stranger, according to the spirit in which it is given. If a brother comes to us in love, his lessons will be received, however severe or reproving they may be. His love makes us feel that the lessons are just, and our love for him makes us feel how painful it is for him to instruct us in a duty in which we have failed. But if he comes to us in anger, we feel that he has laid off the brother, and we are at once in a bad mood to receive anything at his hands.

A brother should never attempt to teach a brother or sister except in brotherly love.

And this is the very point in which brothers more often fail than any other. Many seem to feel that they have a sort of guaranteed privilege to instruct their brothers and sisters in the language of rebuke, complaint, insult and anger, and that their words must be received in perfect docility, when they would never think of addressing any other person in a similar language or spirit. We are too apt to feel that our brothers and sisters must bear everything at our hands. Family feuds have their origin generally in this feeling. There are brothers, who want to be good brothers, and who will make great sacrifices for their brothers and sisters, who adopt an overbearing, complaining, not to say insulting manner, towards those they would instruct and bless. These are not Christian brothers, whatever may be their professions. It is a truth that we can bear less from our friends, than from anybody else; and the nearer the friend the less we can bear from him. And it is right that it is so. A friend has no right to outrage friendship in his severity towards us. Nor has a brother any right to outrage fraternity in the manner or spirit he shows his brother. This is the feeling we all possess. Hence, we are not prepared to receive even good instruction in an unkind manner from a brother. Brotherhood is a noble relation. It can be filled only in love. When a brother is a Christian, indeed, his

influence is great, his office is beautiful, his instruction is effective, and his life a rich family blessing. Then, as a teacher, how he may win the attention and judgments of his family! How he may fire their souls with Christian faith, and warm their hearts with Christian love! How easily he may lead them to, or at least towards, the throne of grace, and inspire within them devout yearnings for a divine life! How with kind words, with loving advice, with patient efforts, with meek persuasion, with pious continuance in well-doing, he may work among his fraternal band the holy lessons of Christian love and duty! How he may drop a word here, and a thought there, an idea to-day, a principle to-morrow, a truth at work, and a precept at play, and thus sprinkle life all through with the wisdom of Christ! And a family of brothers and sisters, imbued with such a spirit, living by such principles, embodying such lives, would be a family that would well deserve the Christian title, and would rejoice in the Christian faith, life and hope.

2. Again; the Christian brother may be a peacemaker. "Blessed are the peacemakers," said the faultless Prince of peace. To guard the peace of a family is one of the holiest offices to be filled by any of its members. So intimate are the family relations, so diversified the feelings and opinions, and so likely are the supposed family interests to cross, that unless closely watched by the vigilant eye of principle, there

will arise contentions, disputes, broils and feuds, that will break up the peace, corrode the happiness, and destroy the moral usefulness of the family. No office of the Christian brother is more beautiful than the guardianship of the family peace.

How out of place is contention in a family! Angry words, harsh rebukes, bitter reflections, sullen looks, hateful speeches in a family! What anomalies! But yet they do exist. And few are the families that know nothing of them from bitter experience. A faithful Christian brother in a family will generally hold the sceptre of peace over all. His position is peculiarly favorable to this office. He occupies the family centre; is related alike to all, and interested alike in the happiness of all. But how shall he exercise his peace-office? Not by direct influence, as a general thing, but by Christian self-control, by calm every-day Christian love, by mingling the peace principles of the Prince of peace in the every-day cup of life.

3. The Christian brother will assist in and encourage the religious interests of his brethren. He will respect, and teach others to respect, the Sabbath. He will make a Christian use of its precious hours. He will love the sanctuary and its devotional services, and seek to make them impressive to his kindred. He will revere the family altar, and engage devoutly in its devotions. He will cherish the teachings of the

Bible. He will feel, and seek to make others feel, the individual responsibilities of the Christian. He will honor a Christian life, and reverence a Christian character. He will venerate age, do reverence to goodness, love virtue, cherish ambition for Christian excellence. He will be the guardian of his home, and shed in it the aroma of the flower of the spirit. The religious good of his brothers and sisters he will make his own good. His character he will set before them in earnest humility, praying the Father to make it instrumental in leading his brethren into the pleasant paths of eternal life. He will personally lead them to the altar of prayer, the throne of grace, and make devotion a part of his life, a pleasant and profitable duty.

4. The Christian brother will watch closely the character of those who ask admission to the household confidence. Knowing that "evil communications corrupt good manners," he will seek for good associates for himself and family. He will guard against deceivers. The profane, the lewd and vulgar, the coarse and vicious, the scoffer, backbiter and tattler, will find little approval at his hands, and no admission to the family confidence. And in this character will he be especially useful to his sisters, if he is blessed with sisters. They need a Christian brother's confidence, love and care. To them he can be of invaluable service. They have less advantages than he to know the

real characters of those who ask their social confidence. His estimation of virtue, his conception of moral worth, his standard of excellence, are so correct, that he may be safely trusted to advise. If he is jealous or doubtful, his sisters had better be. Happy is the sister who enjoys the companionship of a Christian brother. It is a blessed, a holy companionship, intimate, confiding, tender, mutual. It may ripen into an everlasting esteem, rich as the love which angels feel. He may be to her as a guardian angel; he may lead her into high paths of duty and usefulness, into blessed paths of wisdom and peace. Let her take his hand and walk with him in study, meditation, devotion and love; and let them be to each other mutual helpers in the Christian race, and greatly will they be blessed in their mutual confidence. If a brother has a Christian heart, how will he prize a sister, and how seek her good as a treasure of invaluable worth to him!

5. The Christian brother will be a brother through life. Fraternity will not lay off its blessed offices when it leaves the paternal roof. It will bless at home, and bless abroad. It will bless in old, and bless in new relations. Separation will not disturb it; time will not cool it; alienation will not blot it out. It is baptized in the waters of Christian perpetuity. Not adversity, sin, or death, can put out its holy flame. All through life's checkered scenes, and

all along life's crooked way, it lives and burns and blesses. And when death is over, it grows brighter and stronger and holier in the resurrection state, till it shall grow to an angelic love, in the loving and beautiful home above.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHRISTIAN SISTER.

We have considered the several members of the Christian Household, till we have come to the sister. She is our theme for this chapter,— and a worthy theme! None is worthier the best efforts of a Christian pen. Sister of itself is a holy word; and when it is sanctified with the still holier prefix of Christian, it is a word to be spoken in reverence and love. To speak justly of the Christian sister is to proclaim Christ, just as to speak justly of Christ is to proclaim the Father. Christ is the manifestation of the Father. He is the image, the spiritual representation, of the Father. So that, when Christ is manifested, God is manifested. God is so removed from the common mind of mankind, so high, so holy, so great, so spiritual, and incomprehensible, that few can conceive of him as a loving, provident, watchful, pitying and forgiving Father, except as they learn of him through a representative, through some one nearer to us, whom we can better understand. Hence the necessity of Christ. He stands between men and God. He is to God what the sun-glass is to the sun. He concentrates

God into a smaller compass, brings the rays of his divergent glory to a focus, or a few of them, so men can thus get a better idea of God — can, as it were, see God. So the Christian sister stands between Christ and her household. She is Christ's representative. Like the glass, she brings him into a smaller compass, so he is not so far off. In her his image is reflected. She, then, is the sacred reflection of the Father. She images the divine reflection in Jesus.

It will be proper to remark here, that as woman was the last of the creation, and most perfect, the nearest approach to the divine image, so she is the most fit representative in the family of Christ and the Father. Her soul is a better reflector, a more polished and delicate mirror for the display of divine beauty and perfection, than man's. Woman, too, was the first commissioned herald of the resurrection, the first to whom the risen Redeemer appeared; and much of his richest instruction was given to her. In all nations woman has shown a peculiar sensibility to religion. That form of religion presented in Christianity is in singular harmony with her nature. Woman is the affectionate side of humanity. She is personified love. Christianity is spiritualized love. The two mingle like kindred drops. Christian woman is the best expression of Christ's religion that the world affords; and perhaps we may say that the Christian sister is the best expression of Christian womanhood that we have among us. The powerful love

of the wife and mother is natural; and sometimes there is in it a mingling of selfishness. Natural love cannot be considered Christian. Christian love is better expressed by the word *charity*. Benevolence compassion, benignity, piety and affection, are the elements of Christian love. The idea of blessing without return, of blessing by example, by influence, by imparting spiritually the affectionate and filial spirit of the lowly One of Nazareth, is at the bottom of Christian love. Picture to yourself the face of Christian love, just as you would if you were a painter, and wished to embody your ideal. Is it not a bland and peaceful expression of sweetness, shaded with earnest and benignant solicitude, touched with the meekness of humility, and illuminated with the beams of faith, and a divine consciousness of God's presence and approval, giving it a kind of inexpressible sanctity? Now, picture to yourself the face of a Christian sister. Wherein does it differ from the face of Christian love? Are not the two one and the same? Ideas take form in our mind. When we speak of Christian love, there comes before our minds an image, or picture of our idea of that love. So when we speak of a Christian sister. And, in my mind, the two are so nearly alike that I can scarcely distinguish the one from the other. The thought of Christian love brings to my spiritual view a beautiful, benevolent, benign and holy female face. I see it. It is sweet and calm, and very lovely. But its love-

liness is all of heaven. The thought of the Christian sister presents a face to my mind, very similar, only it is not quite so ethereal, so heavenly, not yet all redeemed from earth, but all the more impressive to us on this account. Sister in all minds has been another word for unselfish love. And Christian has become another word in all enlightened minds for charity.

I. Hence, the first office of the Christian sister is very plain. *It is to be an example of active charity in her household.* She is to show the charity of her Master, to be the Good Samaritan in her family. She is to make herself a just representative of Him who "went about doing good." In this she is to be more than a teacher. She is to *exemplify* goodness. To teach is one thing; to illustrate by personal life is another thing. To teach the science of music is one thing; but to make music is quite another. To teach how to live a true life, is not living that life by a long way. To teach goodness and *show* it, are two very different works. It is hers to *show* the goodness, to *live* the life. It is true the whole household should do this. But each is fitted for some office better than the rest; and her peculiar office is a *doer of good.* This belongs to the very idea of sister as it exists in all our minds. The "sisters of charity" is but another expression for the embodied life of charity. The Christian sister is the "sister of charity" in her household. She *lives* her teachings. She

practises her precepts. Her presence is more than a sermon on charity. For her face is an expression of charity; her voice is a tone of charity; her hand is a censer of charity; her manner is the spirit of charity; and she herself is the embodiment of charity. The charity she expresses is not so much in the words she speaks, or in the amount she gives, or in the deeds she does, as in the way and manner of her doing. The widow's mite often expresses a stronger feeling of charity than the rich man's thousands.

In this expression of the Christian sister's charity, I do not mean that she shall become the slave of her household, run in answer to every fancied want, listen tearfully to every whim, and do all that caprice or selfishness may ask. This would be to do absolute wrong. I mean that she shall do *good*, that she shall strive to benefit her home-associates in every good word and work; especially that she shall set before them an example of a cheerful Christian performance of spiritual duties. She will perform her good offices from Christian motives and principles. She will learn her duty of Christ. She will imitate his example, cultivate his spirit, be familiar with his precepts, study his history, and seek to comprehend the depth, strength and boundlessness of his love. She will learn, in his history, that he not only loved his family and his countrymen, but all the world; that he loved humanity, and lived for it, and died for it. So she will teach her family, that to be Christians their love must

overrun the family measure, that it must embrace humanity.

And under this view will the sister especially guard her family against one evil, very common in Christian families, that is, the evil of sectarianism, of too strong denominational affections. It is often the case that the roots of bigotry and intolerance strike deep into the soil of home, and are there cultivated with a sort of parental solicitude. Parents with strong sectarian prejudices are likely to cultivate this unholy feeling in the members of their household. But the sister may guard against it. Her confiding and affectionate nature will appreciate the extended and generous love of Jesus. She will see goodness out of her family, out of her circle of associates, out of her church and denomination, and even out of the believers of her creed. She will see that the heathen have human hearts, that the infidel often has a deep fund of common humanity in his bosom, that human nature is the same noble, affectionate, free, aspiring intelligence, find it where we may, and is worthy of our love, and even our reverence. Thus will the Christian sister's heart be led out into the great family of humanity. She will find the chain of universal brotherhood that links the human race in one; and tell her brothers and sisters how to love all, even the erring and sinful. Beautiful lesson is this, and who can teach it more effectually and affectionately than the Christian sister? We always look for large-hearted love in a sister.

When that love is Christianized, how expansive and unselfish it is! When the sister's anxiety extends to all, when her Christian solicitude breathes prayers for every sect, and nation, and tongue, and utters generous sentiments, for those her creed condemns, she exerts a holy influence in her family, and shows the universality of true Christian charity.

There is still another way that the Christian sister may enforce this lesson of charity. She may and will disapprove and discountenance uncharitable speech and action, either at home or abroad. If a brother or sister speaks unkindly or uncharitably, she will gently question the propriety of such form of speech, and ask if Christ would have done so. If a minister preaches uncharitably of another sect, or people, she will compare it with Christ's Sermon on the Mount, "Love your enemies," &c. If an author or editor spices his page with ungenerous invective or abuse, she will ask for the charity that "thinketh no evil." If religious people abuse their neighbors, she will speak kindly of both, and ask which Christ loves best, or has done the most for. If sectarians wage war with each other, she will ask for the *good* that is to grow out of it. Thus will she keep alive the restraining spirit of charity.

Again; families are too frequently the hot-beds of common gossip and petty slander. Almost unconsciously, many families acquire the habit of dissecting their neighbors' characters, and descanting upon their

faults with a kind of relish. Now, a Christian sister will always put a restraint upon such uncharitable talk at home. She will teach that home is not a place for slander, not the hunting-ground for human faults and failures. Her sisterly affections will instinctively recoil from such conversations; and she will rather be seeking for the good in neighbors and friends. She will hunt up a multitude of virtues in her neighborhood, and find scores of good deeds that God has set to the credit of all her neighbors. Christians have something else to do than parade the sins of their neighbors. They have sins of their own to attend to, tongues of their own to bridle, passions of their own to restrain, faults to mend, weak places to strengthen, ignorance to enlighten.

Another evil in families, and a too general one, is that of complaining, fault-finding, fretting at trifles. This is all unchristian, opposed to the charity of the gospel. The Christian sister will guard against this. She will strive to bear burdens with patience; to be corrected in meekness; to see errors in her brothers and sisters in love. "Charity suffereth long, and is kind." This is the face of charity which she strives ever to put on, and wear in her family. Not that it is the sister's duty to do this any more than other members of the family; but there is something in the sister's character and position which makes it peculiarly appropriate for her to strive to check the

contumacious spirit, and breathe in her family the loving life of the Prince of peace.

There is often a kind of selfishness grows up among brothers and sisters. They become jealous of each other, each one feeling that others are loved and favored more than he or she. Upon this spirit the Christian sister may breathe the holy flame of divine charity, and utterly burn it from their hearts. Their loves and interests should be mutual. They should be one family, and possess a unity of feeling. They should live for each other, and not for self. She can teach them how to sacrifice self upon the altar of home benevolence. It is a holy lesson which we can all study with profit; and every aspiration and effort in the family should tend to impress it upon the home-mind. O, charity, how beautiful thou art everywhere, how doubly beautiful at home, and how trebly so when thou art enshrined in the heart of a loving sister!

II. The second general office of the Christian sister is to exhibit the beauty of Christian sympathy. This her deep and holy love-qualities help to do. Home is the scene of trial, suffering and sorrow. The palsying touch of disease is felt at home. Lovely forms fade; strong arms grow nerveless; dear hearts palpitate with pain; and merry voices turn to moans of woe, in the sweetest and most blessed homes. Misfortunes, disappointments, accidents and deaths, visit the most Christian households. There must be watch-

ings, toils, care, patience and tenderness, in these seasons of trial. There must be holy offices of sympathy filled, and well filled. These are the times that test the value of Christianity. These are the seasons that prove the necessity of religion. These are the things that express human weaknesses in language that none can fail to understand, and call on man to rest on an arm stronger than his own. When the languor of disease crushes all our hopes on earth, weighs down our spirits, and announces our frailty in every fibre and nerve of body and soul; when chill disappointment freezes every bright prospect into a solid winter of polar darkness and ice; when death invades the holy of holies, and takes the priest or priestess from the altar of our affections, — then it is that we feel the need of Christian sympathy; then it is that we wish to feel the beat of another heart that will give strength to our own, and the presence of a hand that has in it the magic of a hopeful love; then it is that we wish to hear the voice of divine faith inspiring our weak souls and reässuring our faltering spirits. And who shall better fill this holy office than the sister? She is alive with holy and unselfish love. Her heart is tender and fervent. How fresh and pure are her sympathies! How tenderly she may point to the suffering Saviour, "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief"! How kindly may she speak of the Father's goodness, and the provisions of his universal and efficient grace! How encouragingly may she

present the sweet and cheering hopes of the "glorious gospel of the blessed God"! How she may, in a thousand little ways, and tones, and words, heal the wounded spirit with the balm of Christian comfort and consolation! At such times a sister's kind offices are especially valuable; and doubly so if that sister be a Christian. It is then that both the sister and the Christian exhibit their value. It is then, too, that Christianity shows its blessed worth. How can a family afford to live without Christianity? How dare they live without its comforts and hopes, its faith and strength, its prayers and blessings?

No family knows how soon sickness may prostrate its energies, or disappointment blight its hopes, or death take away its treasures. Every one needs Christianity to prepare him for these trials; to teach him to "lay up treasures in heaven," and to build his life-house on the rock of eternal truth. If for nothing else, one should be a Christian for this one purpose. We must all part with our friends and die ourselves. These are events of inevitable solemnity. Come they must. It is wisdom to be prepared for them. Christ will give us the preparation if we will receive it. It is in his gospel. He has a balm for the wounded heart; he has a hope for the departing soul. Who will not seek this balm, who will not pray for this hope? And, especially, what sister will live without this inspiring voice from heaven, this light in her soul, this great love in her heart? No matter what may be her age,

young or old, a child or a woman, whether yet beneath the parental roof, or in her own house, she needs, for herself, for her brothers and sisters, and her household, the strength, love and beauty of the Christian trust and hope to awaken and sanctify her sympathy. Then, how often is it needed! Daily, almost hourly! Every day has its trials, its dark passages, its doubts and fears. Every day some member of our household needs a word of encouragement, a tone or a tear of sympathy. O, sisters, be ready to give it! Be enriched with gospel treasures. Bear about you the spirit of Christ, and be faithful in the bestowment of the sanctity of your sympathy.

III. The third office of the Christian sister is to show the fruits of *pure-mindedness*. She is to act from pure motives, and let her actions be childlike, artless and free. Affectation, art, deception, false pretension, pride, vanity, intrigue, are all directly opposed to pure-mindedness. Yea, they grow out of corruption within. Simplicity of manners and feelings is a good evidence of purity of character. When a sister possesses a pure heart, full of Christian love and simplicity, she is a treasure to her brothers and sisters, an angel-presence in her household. Purity is a thing so delicate and refined as to be difficult of description. It is a stainless soul, an artless love, a fearless aspiration, a cloudless faith, an unshaken integrity, an unquestioning sympathy, an open, free, spontaneous heart. How incomparably valuable is

such a grand virtue in a sister, and how precious is a sister possessing it! Wealth and honors, glory and fame, are mean in her presence.

IV. The fourth office of the Christian sister is to set an example of *active piety*. Deep in her soul should glow the live flame of devotion. To commune with her God and Father, to meditate on his ways, and magnify his wisdom and goodness, to love his works, and see his care and love in them all, to cherish his holy word, and treasure its teachings as the gold of heaven, to visit his sanctuary, and give her soul to its blessed influences, to mingle with the pure and good in their worshipful moods, and rise on the wings of faith to a holier realm, and go out on the errands of love to all creatures; are the exercises in which her soul delights, and from which she acquires her inward strength and spiritual beauty. Religion is her life. Christ is her example. Her piety is a principle, not a fear, nor a reward. Hence, she enjoys it as a divine communion. It is her antepast of heaven. It fills her with peace inexpressible, and "joy unspeakable." It gives width and depth to all her feelings, a zest to her pleasures, and life to her studies and duties, which words were not made to express. And there go out from her holy influences, and sweet expressions, and saving powers, and uprising tendencies, which her brothers and sisters feel, as the ministering of unseen angels, which they cannot name

or describe, but which they enjoy, and by which they are constantly blessed.

Such a sister to a brother is a blessing past all computation in value, especially in their youthful life. She is his guardian angel, his unselfish friend, whose friendship nothing can seduce, his safe adviser, his guide and inspiration. Her influence around him is like an aroma of roses, pure and sweet. He confides in her as he could not in any other, and knows that his confidence is unmistakably placed. And, then, she is still more to him in another respect. She stands in his heart as his model woman, his pattern. By her he measures and judges others. And the criterion is a safe one. He knows her. He reads her soul as a book. He has studied her manners, and the expressions of her feelings. By them other souls are read. And this woman-book, this open heart, this pattern soul, is worth more to him than gold, or kingdoms, through all his after life, in the choice of companions, in the standard of virtue, in the confidence in truth and goodness, it gives him. Then she affords him a Christian pattern, too; and this is a pearl above price. This pattern will go with him through life. His sister and her religion are blended in his heart. They never can be separated. He can never be cold to one or infidel to the other. She has planted the cross in his heart. Blest is the brother who has a Christian sister. How much blest can never be told. Let their friendship grow, let their love continue. It

is a holy, blessed thing. How much is a household blest that has a Christian sister! She is a priestess at the family altar! How her words, her prayers, her love, her piety, her example, make impressions for good! How her life strikes its love-roots into the hearts of all the household, which spring up, and grow, and blossom, and bear fruit, in some thirty, in some sixty, in some a hundred fold, to the glory of the Lord! God's blessing is on the Christian sister, and on the Christian household.

EMPLOYMENT.

EMPLOYMENT.

I TAKE it that men and women were made for business, for activity, for employment. Activity is the life of us all. To do and to bear is the duty of life. We know that employment makes the man in a very great measure. A man with no employment, nothing to do, is scarcely a man. The secret of making men is to put them to work, and keep them at it. It is not study, nor instruction, nor careful moral training, nor good parents, nor good society, that make men. These are means; but back of these lies the grand moulding influence of men's life. It is employment. A man's business does more to make him than anything else. It hardens his muscles, strengthens his body, quickens his blood, sharpens his mind, corrects his judgment, wakes up his inventive genius, puts his wits to work, starts him on the race of life, arouses his ambition, makes him feel that he is a man and must fill a man's shoes, do a man's work, bear a man's part in life, and show himself a man in that part. No man feels himself a man who is not doing a man's business. He don't prove by his works that he is a man. He can't act a man's part. A hundred and fifty pounds of bone and muscle is not a man. A great

cranium full of brains is not a man. The bone and muscle and brain must know how to act a man's part, do a man's work, think a man's thoughts, mark out a man's path, and bear a man's weight of character and duty, before they constitute a man. A man is a body and soul in action. A statue, if well dressed, may *appear* to be a man; so may a human being. But to *be* a man and *appear* to be, are two very different things. Human beings *grow;* men are *made.* The being that grows to the stature of a man is not a man till he is made one. The grand instrumentality of man-making is employment. The world has long since learned that men cannot be made without employment. Hence it sets its boys to work, gives them trades, callings, professions, puts the instruments of man-making into their hands, and tells them to work out their manhood. And the most of them do it somehow; not always very well. The men who fail to make themselves a manhood are the boys who are put to no business, the young men who have nothing to do, the male beings who have no employment. Our men of wealth and character, of worth and power, have been early bound to some useful employment. Many of them were unfortunate orphan boys, whom want compelled to work for bread — the children of penury and lowly birth. In their early boyhood they buckled on the armor of labor, took upon their little shoulders heavy burdens, assumed responsibilities met fierce circumstances, contended with sharp opposition, chose

the ruggedest paths of employment because they yielded the best remuneration, and braved the storms of toil till they won great victories for themselves. and stood before the world in the beauty and majesty of noble manhood. This is the way men are made. There is no other way. Their powers are developed in the field of employment.

Men are not *born*, but are *made*. Genius, worth, power of mind, are more *made* than *born*. Genius born may grovel in the dust; genius made may mount to the skies. Our great and good men that stand along the paths of history bright and shining lights are witnesses of these truths. They stand there as everlasting pleaders for employment. Now what is true of men in this respect is equally true of women. If employment is the instrumentality in making men, it is equally so in making women. A human female is not a woman till she makes herself so. There is something noble, grand, glorious, in a woman. She is the impersonation of spiritual beauty. But all females are not women. There are scores of them who are only female humanities; and scores more who are only *ladies*. A lady and a woman are two very different things. One is made at the hands of fashion; the other is the handiwork of God through the instrumentality of useful employment. A lady is a parlor ornament, a walking show-gallery, a mistress of tongue-tied etiquette. A woman is a consecrated intelligence, a love baptized, a hand employed in the

work of good. To be a woman requires exertion and prudence. Women are not born; neither do they grow up of themselves; they are made. Their virtues blossom in the garden of industry. Their fruits ripen on the boughs of toil. Their treasures grow on the tree of labor. A woman with no employment for her hands or mind can only be made the shadow of a woman. What is noble in her will doff its nobility. What is strong will become weak, and she will soon be an imbecile, dependent on some one else.

A dependent life is an ignoble one, unless compelled by misfortune; just as ignoble in woman as in man. No woman of health and sound mind should allow herself to be or feel dependent on anybody for her living. The sick are always dependent though they have wealth at their command. But the well should never be dependent. To eat and wear the fruits of another's labor tends to degradation. To feel that one is shining in borrowed plumes, and eating the bread of dependence is degrading to a noble mind. A noble mind will not willingly do it. The want of employment and the dependence of many women have ruined their characters, and made them little else than annoyances to their fellow-men. Thousands of women have no employment, and live through life in a state of abject dependence. What are they, what can they be under such circumstances? It requires employment to develop men; why should n't it to develop women? Dependent men are ninnies; why should n't women

be? Where is the difference between the male and the female mind, that one should be expected to be noble and magnanimous under circumstances which would be ruinous to the other? We know that a young man thrown upon his own resources, is more likely to be a great good man, than when cradled upon the lap of luxury or fortune. Why is it? Simply because he seeks employment, and depends upon himself for what he is to be and do. He leans not on another, and hence grows strong by standing alone. Place an acorn in the crevice of a barren rock, and it will strike down its roots and send them out in search of fostering places, till it will surround the rock with a net of clinging fibres; and while the winds grow fiercer, and the storms howl wilder, the oak will strike deeper and wider its anchoring roots. It will brace itself to meet the emergencies of its life. It will nerve its energies to stand its ground. It will gather vigor from every storm, resolution from every wind, strength from every trial, resolution from every defiant bolt of heaven. So it is with man. Place him on his feet in a hard place, where the suns of life strike hotly upon him, and the storms blow fiercely, where he must stand by his own strength or fall, and he will grow into strength by the very pressure of adverse circumstances. Every blow of his own will give its vigor; every trial of his character will knit firmer its binding fibres. This is equally true of woman. Her character is formed and her powers developed in a similar way. A woman

can no more be a true woman than a man can be a true man without employment and self-reliance. I would have every boy and girl in the whole country taught to make their own living at some useful employment; to mark out for themselves a sphere of action, and then fill that sphere; to be useful in some honorable pursuit. I would not put the boys to trades and professions to make them great and good, and fold up the girls' hands, and lay them away in the drawer or shut them up in the parlor. I would not make the boys self-reliant and vigorous by generous employment, and the girls weak, puny and dependent, by idleness or folly. I would not give the boys opportunities to develop their powers and become noble men, and deprive the girls of all those glorious privileges. I would not send the boys into the field of life bravely to earn their own living, and grow strong in doing it, and the girls out to beg their living, of the boys, and grow weak and worthless in their dependent beggary. I like the girls too well to have them thus mistreated. I would give them just as good a chance as the boys have. They should not be degraded with half-pay, and only two or three ways to get a living, just because they were made to be women. They should not be shut out from a thousand avenues of distinction and usefulness, for which they are richly endowed, just because they were made to be women. They should not be made to feel that it is degrading to be a woman; to feel, as a man expressed it to me the other day,

that "women are such good-for-nothing creatures." I love noble, "strong-minded," and strong-hearted women. I wish we had more of them. I know of no way to make them but to give our girls more active employment. Every girl should have a trade, a business, a profession, or some honorable and useful way of gaining a livelihood — some employment in which her powers of body and mind may be amply developed. If she has not, she will be dependent upon somebody, and her dependence will degrade her; and her want of employment will keep her a half-developed specimen of humanity.

If I had half-a-dozen boys, and should let them grow up and play around my house and on the streets, in visiting, gossiping, dressing, riding, dancing, asking nothing of them only to bring me my slippers, or some occasional act of kindness now and then, my neighbors would all cry out against me, declaring that I was spoiling my boys. They would denounce my course as absolute unkindness to the boys; would declare that they never would be anything with such a miserable training. And yet my neighbors treat their girls in just this way. Now, if it will spoil the boys, why won't it spoil the girls? If it is unkindness to the boys, why is it not unkindness to the girls? If boys can't be anything with such a training, how can the girls be?

If the present generation of boys should be reared just as we are rearing our girls, what a puny race of

men we should have with which to commence the next century! Men complain that women are such weak, good-for-nothing creatures, that they are only fit to be wives and mothers. Now it seems to me that no woman is fit to be a wife and mother till she is a strong, self-reliant woman, both bodily and mentally. I take it that the more vigorous a woman's body and mind are, the better she is qualified to fulfil the duties of wife and mother.

I take it the more self-reliant and independent woman is the better she is qualified to be a helpmate for her husband and a wise and judicious counsellor for her children. I take it that dignity of character, power of action, resolute will, commanding judgment, steady temper of mind, strong inward resources, are as essential in a good wife and mother, as in a good husband and father. In a word, I take it that all that is noble, dignified, useful and beautiful in character and life, is as essential in women as in men. If so, then why not give woman opportunities such as are necessary to develop her powers and form her character? Those opportunities cannot be given without employment. We cannot make men without employment; how else can we expect to make women? How can a woman, who has no aim in life, who lives to no purpose, who has nothing to accomplish, whose hands are idle, whose mind has nothing on which to fix its energies, who, in a word, spends a listless, trifling life, —how can such a woman possess weight of character,

force of mind, or mental worth? When God calls for her stewardship, how can she answer with any honor to herself? When she comes to see her soul disrobed of mortality, how naked and undeveloped it will look!

It appears to me that every young woman should aim to be something, and do something. Her powers of mind and body should be applied to a good end. Her hands should be set to some useful employment, and made skilful in it. It matters not so much what it is, as how she perseveres in it.

Great men are made in all trades and professions. So may great women be. Woman may rightfully employ her powers wherever she may do it most successfully to herself and her fellows. If our young women feel that they can sell tape and pins, set type or make shoes, keep books or manage a telegraphic office,—if they can keep a bakery or a dry-goods' store, direct a daguerrean gallery, or do anything else that is right and proper to be done,—let them not hesitate to do it. Let them accomplish themselves in the art or business that to them seems most agreeable, and set up for themselves. They will be a thousand times more happy and useful than in leading listless and thriftless lives. The kind of employment is not a matter of so much importance as the fact of being employed. Our boys choose their occupations; so should our girls. But they should always choose to do something that is useful. Our homes are full of neces-

sary and useful employments. Our girls should engage in them with zeal.

No matter if they are rich. They need employment just as much. A rich young man is not excused from business, from acting nobly his part in life and doing something worthy as a man; and if he excuses himself he will only be despised by the community in which he lives. We all understand that a young man has got a part to act in useful life, whether he is rich or poor. Why should it not be so with a young woman? Why should we excuse her on account of her riches? Why should she excuse herself? Idleness is the ruin of her body and mind; employment will give both activity and strength. She will be wiser, better, happier, by being employed in something that will benefit herself and the world. We have a strange theory about our young women that are well to do in the world. We think that they must be merely fed and clothed and housed and posted about in carriages, waited upon and petted as though they were made for nothing else. It is horridly vulgar for such young women to work. It would be a violation of propriety for them to be useful. They would lose caste if they should engage in any useful employment. So they must be useless appendages hung about the body of humanity to torment themselves and as many others as they can. What a torment it must be to them to live such aimless lives, studying all the while for some new way to kill time! How many women

there are, over whose heads time drags heavily! They have nothing to do. The dull round of society is irksome. They have stood at the toilet till everything there is fatiguing. They have talked over and over their little round of fashionable nonsense. They are weary of their monotonous, inactive, inglorious life. Thousands are the women in easy circumstances who feel thus. They would be glad to lift up their hands and do something; but the chains of custom and fashion are upon them. A false social position has made them timid and fearful. I know that many noble women are weary of such a life. They are tired of being dolls. They would be glad to be women and fill the places of useful, energetic, resolute women.

The position of dependence in which society places its wealthy and easy-circumstanced women is directly calculated to destroy their self-reliance and force of character. They are attended by servants wherever they go, who do what they ought to do, and often think what they ought to think. The woman who asks her servants to do what she may do herself, soon becomes dependent upon and loses a good portion of herself in her servant. If my servant eats my dinner for me, he gets the benefit and I lose it. If my servant takes my morning bath for me, he gets the benefit and I lose it. If he takes my morning walk for me, he receives what I lose. So, if he takes my employment, does what I may and ought to do myself for my own good, he receives the benefit and I lose it.

Thus it is that the system of servitude in all its forms tends to degrade the party to whom the service is done. To have done for us what it is best we should do ourselves always injures us. If we have duties to perform, and hire or command another to perform them we rob ourselves of one of the richest blessings that can come to a mortal being, the consciousness of having performed a duty and the improvement gained by its performance. Thousands of women in our country are greatly injured by the presence of their servants. Servants do for them what they ought to do for themselves. They acquire the habit of dependence, and it soon degenerates them into petty tyrants. If I had but two lessons to impress upon the young women of my generation, the first should be that a useful employment is the primary means of developing a true womanhood.

I know there is an antipathy to labor, among a large class of women; I know that women as well as men seek to avoid care and responsibility; I know that useful employments are looked upon as hard necessities, to be avoided if possible. But still I know that employment, daily, constant, responsible employment, is the stepping-stone to mental and moral worth, to usefulness and happiness. I do not contend for degrading toil, but for honorable, mind-developing, soul-redeeming, heart-adorning employment. Both men and women are made better by useful employment. Life is given for employment; our powers are

made for activity. If God had intended that any of us should be idle he would have built houses, made clothes, cooked victuals, formed characters, accumulated knowledge, and had everything that we need, both for mind and body, ready-made at our hands. But not so. He has made all that is grand in life, that is glorious in thought, depend upon our own exertions. This is as true of women as of men. Then the idler is a leech on himself — his own despoiler. An idle woman is as base a thing as an idle man. She was made for usefulness. A drone in any hive is a base bee.

I know young women have refined ideas of delicacy; sometimes imagine it is vulgar to be useful; that delicate hands are evidences of ladyship. They ought to know that a delicate hand is an evidence of a soft head. Ladyship and womanhood are two things. A soft hand and a faint heart may make one, but not the other. Womanhood is put on by industry in the pursuit of good. It is made in the field of noble employment.

I seek to elevate woman. I look to her elevation as to the elevation of the race. I see in her, powers capable of great actions and a sublime life. But I see no way in which these powers can be developed and that life lived but in active and useful employment. Woman ought to stand by man's side in all that is great and good in thought and action. The history of every country should have as much to record of

woman as of man. But this can never be till woman's field of employment is extended. She must go out and work. She must do her own business, execute her own intentions, act nobly her part in life wherever she can be the best rewarded for her industry and judgment. I would not make woman unwomanly, but would crown her with all the grace and dignity of true female worth. I look to useful employment as the best and only means of securing this end. Idleness will not make any woman womanly. Ignorance of business and the world will not. Active, cheerful industry in the pursuit of her own elevation will do it. Let them learn how to be true women to themselves and their duties, and we shall soon have a generation of women such as the world has never seen — of strong, brave, accomplished and useful women, whom history will record as the benefactors of their race.

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